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THE SENTIS.

LEFT were the busy quays, the street,
The alleys where the lindens meet,
The lilies on the convent pond,
The convent vanes that soared beyond.

High up the towering hill we stand,
Round us the hush of fairy land;
Sheer down beneath our feet outlay
The town, the cape, the crescent bay;

The sombre haze of Baden's wood,
The brimming lake's broad gleaming flood,
Bavaria's long low purple line,
The gentle inflow of the Rhine;

And bosky Austrian headlands steep
That pushed into the rippling deep;
While southward far swelled high
The Vorarlberg's grey battered wall.

Then on we panted, keen to gain
The goal that crowns the climber's pain;
An opening in the pines, and lo!
The Sentis, with its cone of snow!

Across deep leagues of limpid air,
How close it looked! how ghostly fair!
A silent vision to bring tears
Of rapture through the ebbing years.

The pink flush fades as back we go,
And cold winds from the glaciers blow.
We parted: I passed on in haste,
'Neath roaring fall and frozen waste,

Through valleys bleached with apple bloom,
By Thusis, and the gorge of gloom,
Swept sledge-borne o'er the Splügen wild
To lake-sides where the myrtle smiled;

And breathed at last in gales of balm
Where by the blue wave dreams the palm,
And sighted, sixty miles away,
Peter's white peak in Corsica.

Yet ever with me, snow-besprent,
The phantom of the mountain went,
Lofty and sad, a giant lone,
Spellbound upon his stony throne.

I see it (as I saw it then),
Here by the burn in Sannox glen;
Scarce sharper showed it that clear morn,
'Mid the weird realm of alp and horn.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE!"

AND whither wouldst thou fly, O soul,

If thou hadst wings?

Is rest beyond the seas? — at either pole?

Are there the springs,

Where Heaven's pure waters bubble up below?

And the far oceans answer sadly, "No!"

Tell me, O soul! where thou wouldst fly

To find thy rest?

Among the stars? — the spaces of the sky? —

From east to west?

And suns and stars make answer, sphere on sphere,

"Back, back, O winged soul! Rest is not here!"

Where wouldst thou fly? To works? — to empty forms

With thy dove-wings?

Will these give shelter from eternal storms —

These poor dead things?

And "working" answers with a voice severe,

"Turn back, mistaken soul. Rest is not here!"

Oh, heart! thou need'st not fly away

To find thy rest.

Peace seeks for thee, if thou wilt stay

And just be blest.

Fold up thy wings and sit at Jesus' feet;

There wilt thou find thy Heaven — a rest complete!

Sunday Magazine.

HENRY BURTON.

FROM CORYDON: WHEN APRIL IS
DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

STURDY March has long gone by,

First-born she of merry Spring,

April now is taking wing,

After March away to fly.

Though long since a-dying lay

All the snowdrops that March bore,

Though with April fades away

Every violet she wore,

Ladies, sigh not. When such die

'Tis but proof that May is nigh.

Of fair flowers a lordly share

May unto herself has taken,

Columbines, which maids forsaken

Ever in their garlands wear,

Cowslips — jocund flowers with which

Meadows scatter fragrant gold —

Lilac in sweet odors rich,

Tulips gorgeous to behold;

Lilies, for our Lady's sake,

White as snow, May's posies make.

Then let March and April go,

Nor let gentle ladies sigh:

Though their blossoms fade and die,

Others will as dainty show.

When the coming May has flown,

With the darlings of the Spring,

Flowers as fair as yet have blown

Lusty June shall surely bring.

Ladies, grieve not then, nor sigh,

Though your Spring speeds swiftly by.

Temple Bar.

E. F. M.

From The National Review.
SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE REVOLUTION
OF 1789.

THERE is a famous letter of Lord Chesterfield which fully justifies Johnson's opinion of his statesman-like capacity. In the course of it he advises his son "to inform himself minutely, and to attend particularly to the affairs of France; they grow serious," he adds, "and, in my opinion, will grow more so every day." He then goes on to describe the contemptible condition of the monarchy, the domination of the ministry, the conflicts between the Church and the Parliaments, and the moral certainty that the army would, before long, take a line of its own. He concludes by saying: "The French nation reasons freely, which it never did before, upon matters of religion and government, and begin to be *sprejudicati*; the officers do so too; in short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France." This letter was written on Christmas day, 1753, and three years later the prediction was verified. France joined with Austria, and the third Silesian war began. England was, of course, drawn into the struggle, and for seven years Europe was desolated by the conflict which was brought to an end by the Treaty of Paris. That treaty placed England at the head of the civilized world, and left France crippled, bleeding, and exhausted. One after another she had lost Louisbourg, Goree, Senegal, Pondicherry, the Coromandel coast, and Malabar. The whole of her valuable colonies in the West Indies had gone, and with them that province of Canada which had entailed the expenditure of so vast an amount of blood and treasure. Her navy was practically annihilated, and the English cruisers commanded her coast from Dunkirk to Toulon. England was, in a word, victorious all along the line; Russia had risen many degrees in the scale of nations, and France had shrunk to a position even below that which she occupied before the conquests of Louis XIV.

During the eleven years which elapsed between the Peace of Paris and the death

of Louis XV. popular discontent in France steadily increased. A middle class, between the *noblesse* and the enslaved peasantry, had gradually grown up, and was resenting the pretensions of the former with no inconsiderable spirit. Its case was indeed serious. The burden of the taxation fell upon it, and its reasonable claims were unrecognized. On the other hand, the "privileged orders"—the nobility and the clergy, that is to say—drew immense incomes from the property of the Church and from taxation, and neither paid nor did anything in return. Lastly, there was a great intellectual revival in the State. After the Peace of Paris there was, as Mr. Trevelyan has pointed out in his "Early Life of Charles James Fox," a renewal of the intercourse between the upper ranks of French and English society, which produced a very remarkable effect. Our literature, and especially the writings of the English freethinkers, was introduced to France, and found there a congenial soil. In fact, nearly all, if not all, the ideas which underlie the teaching of the French philosophical school may be found in the writings of Hobbes, Tindal, and their contemporaries. The Church, again, had ceased to exercise any healthful influence upon society. Its heads were but too often men of infamous life. The inferior clergy were too often hardly better than their superiors, while society—in the modern sense of the term—swarmed with abbés who were not infrequently distinguished from the laity only by their greater luxury and effeminacy. Lastly, the whole state of society was morally corrupt to a degree which those who have not studied the popular literature from the Treaty of Paris to the Peace of 1815* can by no means understand. Never was satire more thoroughly deserved than the attack on the "new morality" which Canning, Frere, Gifford, and Ellis contributed to the *Anti-Jacobin* in 1798.

Of the personal character of Louis XV. it is not necessary to say much. Carlyle, in an oblique fashion, by hints and innuendoes, gives his readers to understand that the society of his court was worthy

* See Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, *passim*.

of Rome under the later empire. The man who died of his debaucheries, and who was guilty of the infamy of placing his mistresses at the table of his daughter-in-law on her wedding day, is sufficiently condemned by his own acts. In the then condition of public morals, however, such things might possibly have been condoned by the nation, had there been no other ground for complaint. Unhappily, there were other and more terrible reasons for disaffection. The Seven Years' War had ruined every interest in the country, and in the rural districts the peasantry were enduring all the horrors of famine. Some sustained nature by eating the grass of the roadside and the herbs of the field, and by devouring meats long deemed unclean and even poisonous. Thousands died of starvation and misery; crime was, as a natural consequence, rampant, and the hangman constantly at work. Yet, in the midst of all this misery, the sovereign and his court abated no jot of their pretensions, but laid upon the wretched peasantry ever new and heavier burdens. Millions were lavished upon the profligate circle which surrounded the person of the monarch, and hundreds of millions were spent upon the creation of palaces more magnificent than any that the civilized world had seen. The financiers of the day were at their wits' end, as well they might be, when with a grievously impoverished exchequer, and a growing burden of debt, they were called upon to provide for the king's extravagances. What they implied may be judged by the facts that, after all the economies of St. Germain and Necker, the household of Louis XV. consisted of sixty thousand persons in receipt of incomes varying from £6,000 to £500 of our money; that the value of the gold lace upon the uniforms and liveries of the *maison du roi* entailed an annual expenditure of at least £80,000, and that the harem of the king was maintained at a yearly cost of from £3,280,000, to (in 1773) £5,800,000.

Naturally enough, the first duty of Louis XVI., on his accession to the throne in 1774, was felt to be the institution of a rigorous economy. That duty Necker fulfilled to the best of his ability.

The court became, it was said, "poverty-stricken." According to one annalist of those times, Louis XVI., having the advantage of being the grandson and not the son of his immediate predecessor on the throne, had been somewhat neglected. Consequently, he found little difficulty in abandoning some of the preposterous customs of the late reign. The king no longer rose from his bed and returned to it in the midst of a crowd of courtiers. He ate his dinner and his supper in private, and the ostentatiously extravagant table which had been maintained for the ambassadors of foreign powers was given up. The results were hardly cheering. The vast saloons and corridors of Versailles, but lately peopled with a glittering throng, were desolate, "so that a stranger might have imagined that the royal family were absent. Even on Sundays, only the ministers and a few persons presented themselves in those vast halls." Fashion, too, helped to sadden the pauperized court. The young men, who were wont to go superbly clad in the richest Lyons silks, had so generally adopted black that the court seemed to be in perpetual mourning. Of old the great nobles never waited on their sovereign unattended by a retinue of pages, gentlemen, and esquires. That fashion of paying homage to rank and wealth fell into desuetude. In defiance of their statutes, the knights of the royal orders wore a simple decoration on the lapel of the coat.

The sacrifice of royal state was made too late. The people were not conciliated, and the nobles, as was proved by their desertion of the king at the approach of the Revolution, were completely alienated. Their argument addressed to the unhappy Louis XVI. was always the same: "You would not be our king, we will not be your nobility." The people complained, in their turn, that the change had come too late. Their taxation was as heavy as ever, and they had lost even the small privilege of seeing the splendors of royalty. What did it matter to them, it was asked, if the king wore a cloth coat and a round hat, while they had still to pay the salt-tax and to find that the cost of that necessary of life was multiplied threefold

by the exactions of the tax-farmers? How did they profit by the exclusion of the great nobles from Versailles if they had to give up every third sheaf, and every tenth tun of wine, to the feudal lord, and to pay the royal taxes, which were heavier still? In the olden time those exactions had a meaning. The tenant held of his *seigneur*, rendered him certain services, paid him a certain agreed proportion of his crops, and, in return, received protection against invasion and against physical want and distress. The duties of the seigneur to the tenant had become obsolete. He had to protect himself, and to provide for his own needs, while the exactions grew ever more oppressive. It was not merely a matter of money. The rights of the seigneur over his serfs were sometimes enforced in a particularly hateful manner. In the early days of the Revolution the women of the lower classes shrieked out against the "aristos" a charge of bathing in the blood of children of the peasantry in order to restore their enfeebled constitutions, and the tale is often repeated as an evidence of the ignorance and ferocity of the mob. Unhappily, it is but too true, "with a difference." The enervated voluptuaries of the last days of the *ancien régime* but too frequently renewed their youth after the fashion recorded of David in the First Book of Kings.

All these things combined to make the Revolution of 1789 the revolt of the poor against the rich, and all attempts to explain it by reference to the pages of classical antiquity and to the first principles of morality are wholly beside the mark. The classical republicanism of David and his school in art, and the talk of the savants and professors, were merely after-thoughts. In itself the anarchy of 1789 was purely spontaneous, and was the result, not of the scientific preaching of republicanism, but, in the first place, of the almost total failure of the harvest of 1788; in the second, of the calamitous winter which followed, and in the third, of the consequent extraordinary growth of poverty.* The convocation of the States-

General promised in 1787 was hurried on by the condition of the country, and that event was signalized by a very remarkable outbreak of popular indignation against luxury of every kind. When bread was not merely dear beyond precedent, but almost unattainable at any price, it was not surprising that hair-powder was tabooed, or that, to prove that they did not use it, patriots should start the fashion of wearing the hair long and floating over the shoulders. The standing army — always a matter of jealousy in Paris — became more unpopular than ever, and its place was taken by a National Guard, in which, as Kotzebue told his country,* every one was enrolled. "The king had as many soldiers as subjects." A curious fact is recorded in this connection. The uniform was designedly made of the coarsest and cheapest materials, and the citizen soldiers wore it everywhere; in their shops and offices, as well as in the places of public resort. Mercier tells a curious story of a "Constitutional priest" who even carried the last sacrament to a dying man in his cartridge-box. The same men sold their rings and silver shoe-buckles and assumed *des boucles à la nation* — copper buckles of a severely simple form. "Roland the Just" went even farther, and presented himself to the king "with ribands in his shoes." The women, not to be behind the men, gave up their watches and rings, their bracelets and their necklaces, for patriotic uses. What the people did, the king and his nobles felt themselves compelled to do also. The former sent to the mint 9,442 *marcs*† *de vaisselle en argent* et 230 *marcs de vaisselle en or*, 4,721 lbs. avoirdupois of silver plate and 115 of gold, all richly chased and of extraordinary beauty. The queen was compelled to follow suit. Her contribution to the national funds amounted to 3,607 *marcs* of silver, in which were included even the silver handles of the knives used at the royal table. The nobility withdrew their plate from their bankers; actors gave up their silver and gold ornaments, and gave gratuitous performances for the relief of the public dis-

* Taine, *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, part ii., book i., chap. i.

* In the drama *Epimenides* in Paris.

† Eight ounces troy.

tress; and the religious and mercantile communities, scenting the coming storm, hastened to bring in their "contingent of civic virtue."*

It would, however, be too much to expect that lovely woman will contentedly go without ornaments of any kind. Nor did she. After the Bastille was demolished, little fragments of the stone were polished, and worn suspended by tricolor ribbons. "Constitutional earrings" were worn, made of yellow glass, and inscribed with the motto, *La Patrie*. Dress lost its luxury; silk and velvet gave place to linen and cashmere, the only essential point being the inevitable tricolor. According to the brothers de Goncourt:—

During this journey of the fashions around the trinity of the national colors, those whom M. Le Brun, in his "Journal de la Mode et du Gout," calls "the decided aristocrats male and female" were only black, availing themselves of the death of the Emperor to wear mourning for the King and themselves. "The young aristocrats and nobles not hardened," wore a costume known as "demi-converti"—a round hat bound round with a soft silken scarf, a cravat of black taffeta edged with lace, a scarlet coat with English steel buttons, waistcoat of black *poult de soie*, black cashmere breeches, and black silk stockings. The man of fashion, robbed of his raiment of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver and velvet, consoled himself with collars of all kinds of flagrant colors placed upon coats of colors wholly different. The unpowdered hair is cut short, and frizzed with curling-irons until the head looks like that of an antique statue; the great coats and frocks are of black cloth *à la Révolution*, piped at the seams with silk, and the wearer carries in his hand a sword-stick with a catgut cord. Above all this comes the eternal cockade of dimity or of varnished leather; this latter the invention of a hatter of the Rue St. Denis. The tricolored cockade was the indispensable ornament of every Parisian after the 13th of July, 1789, when, the shops being closed, boys hawked about the streets "National Ribbon! National Ribbon!" and when from balconies and windows women flung down their dresses, their petticoats, and even their embroidered garters to improvise throughout Paris the new decoration.†

Soon the war of classes took another form. Not content with subordinating everything to the military fancy of the hour, and with revolutionizing the fashion, the mob set to work to erase the insignia of aristocracy from all public places. Within twelve months after the fall of the Bastille, the *noble faubourg* of St Germain was invaded by gangs of workmen,

under the orders of the municipality, who demolished the splendidly carved escutcheons of the noble families. The destruction extended even to the arms painted on the panels of carriages, and if the owner refused to paint them out, they were scraped off by the sovereign people, or more commonly the panel was broken. Liveries naturally shared the fate of coats-of-arms. They were "the shameful badges of servitude," and if any master were unwise enough to attempt to retain them, he might reckon on being dragged from his seat and forced to stand in the place of his servants, while the latter might confidently reckon on a very forcible demonstration of their unwisdom at the hands of the sovereign people. Armorial bearings and liveries having disappeared, the prohibition of private carriages followed as a matter of course. The good patriot might hire a *fiacre*, or walk, but the principles of equality did not permit any one to be so much richer than his neighbor as to keep a carriage for his private use. Even members of the royal family came under this rule, the Duchess of Orleans herself being compelled on one occasion to get out and walk. A few weeks later the abolition of titles was decreed. Henceforward, only baptismal names and surnames were permitted. "The Duc d'Aquillon becomes M. Vignerot; the Marquise de Coigny, Madame Frangrelot, and the Duc de Caraman, M. Riquet." Mirabeau, to his intense indignation, sank into plain M. Riquetti. "With your Riquetti," he angrily cries from the tribune to the reporters' bench, "you have turned Europe upside down for three days."* Yet a few months more and the use of the word Monsieur is interdicted. Should any citizen under the Terror dare to utter it, he was at once suspected of that mysterious crime known as *incivisme*, and he might reckon on "looking through the national window" within a very few days.

Strange anecdotes are related of this strange time. The first effect of those decrees was to bring about a veritable servile rebellion. Such a thing as deference and respect on the part of a servant was stigmatized as unpatriotic. Servants and their masters, it was argued, are alike members of the third estate, wherefore "Jack is as good as his master"—a conclusion doubtless eminently satisfactory to Jack. Whether the king and his minister, M. Besenval, quite relished the free-

* De Goncourt, part i.

† De Goncourt, pp. 76, 77.

* De Goncourt, chap. iii.

dom of the lackey who, on the 19th July, 1789, thrust himself familiarly between them to read what the former wrote, may perhaps be questioned. Another anecdote is related by the writer, who tells this story of a footman, whose mistress, in conversation with a friend, having mentioned the name of Montmorin, was straightway interrupted with the exclamation of her servant, "Who? Montmorin? Montmorin is a beggar, a counter revolutionist; the French people will never forgive Montmorin!" The threat was cruelly fulfilled. Montmorin the minister, and his brother the marquis, who had been governor of Fontainebleau, were betrayed by their servants to the first Revolutionary Tribunal, and guillotined for the heinous crime of having been servants of the "tyrant." This was the usual story. The servants never forgave the masters whose bread they had eaten, and under the Terror the most compromising witnesses were drawn from the ranks of the valets, footmen, and scullions. When the Girondins were executed, it was remarked that hundreds of the spectators of that feast of blood were of this class. If their masters or mistresses dismissed them for absenting themselves without leave for the purpose of attending this scene, they were straightway denounced to the Revolutionary Tribunal with the usual consequences.

This revolt of the servants was undoubtedly one of the leading causes of the emigration which began even before the States-General were convoked in 1789. In that year Necker complained that as many as six thousand of the wealthiest of the nobility had gone, and as the tide of revolution rose the numbers multiplied. All the highways out of France were covered with fugitives from the coming desolation. Not merely did the wealthy hurry into the shelter which Savoy, Italy, and England offered, but those who had lived by their expenditure followed them. First went the fashionable tradesmen — the dressmakers, milliners, and the like; actors and dancers, singing men and singing women went next, and then followed a mixed multitude of painters, sculptors, engravers, jewellers, and all those makers of *articles de Paris* whose trade had been supported by the aristocracy. "Only," we are told by one writer, "only the *fagotiers* (day laborers of the lowest class) were left." So great was the diminution of population from this cause that even in 1791 the consumption of beef in Paris had fallen off to the extent of four hundred oxen per week. The municipality sought

to check the migration by enacting that no one should be allowed to leave the capital except upon a medical certificate. Finding that doctors were sometimes more complaisant than conscientious, they next decreed that every such certificate should be countersigned by a member of the municipality itself; a regulation which had the effect of retaining for certain death a considerable number of persons who had become obnoxious to the modern patriots.

Strange to say, all these measures of a vigorous and triumphant democracy did not restore the national prosperity in the smallest degree. The people had heard from the self-constituted leaders, who had pushed their way to the front in the revolt of the poor against the rich, of servants against their masters, that if they could but get rid of the tyranny of the aristocracy, "seven halfpenny loaves should be sold for a penny, the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops; it should be felony to drink small beer, and all the realm should be in common." The promises were, indeed, partly fulfilled. The realm was "in common" — that is to say, the forests had been devastated and the game practically exterminated — but bread was as dear as even during the time of the famine, and popular distress had grown to a terrible pitch. One or two figures will be found more eloquent than an ocean of declamation. Hardly had the Revolution begun — by 10th October, 1789 — when the number of pledges in the Mont de Piété for sums under one louis had doubled, and the *audience des consuls* — a court for the recovery of small debts — had sent sixty thousand persons to prison for non-payment. Thousands of men who carried on the lighter trades of Paris were reduced to take a pickaxe and shovel and go to work on the highroads, in hope of earning twenty sols (a fraction less than ninepence) a day. The charity workshop in Montmartre in 1791 had to give employment to eighteen thousand workmen instead of to two thousand, and the public places were crowded with hungry men clamoring for work and food. In the provincial cities things were even worse. Manufactures were at a standstill, and from all the great centres of population crowds hurried to Paris in search of work, or, failing that, for charity. Projects worthy of the University of Laputa — a character which might well be given to many of the schemes of the philosophers — abounded; but none seemed practicable. The most feasible was one

for draining the fish-ponds which had supplied the monasteries with fish on fast-days, but it fell through chiefly because no one could suggest whence the money for the work was to be obtained.

There would, indeed, have been no objection on religious grounds; for religion had become not merely unfashionable, but an actual object of detestation to the enlightened philosophers of the eighteenth century. The first-fruit of the Revolution was a reformation of ecclesiastical abuses — the existence of which no one possessed of competent knowledge will now deny — but a reformation carried out in a spirit and in a temper which will make most people consider the doings of Henry VIII. worthy to be described as works of charity and mercy. The whole property of the Church was confiscated to secular uses, it was speedily considered a mark of want of patriotism to recognize the existence of the Church at all. A few priests who had taken the Constitutional oath were allowed to minister in the deserted edifices in consideration of a fraction of their former stipends, but their flocks were small. The devout considered the Constitutional priest, girt with his tricolor and wearing the *bonnet rouge*, a blasphemous parodist of the holy mysteries; and the merely worldly declined to expose themselves to the suspicions attendant on those who clung to an institution so mixed up as was the ecclesiastical establishment with the old *régime*. It is, perhaps, hardly surprising that the French Church should have become obnoxious to the nation. As an establishment it was altogether out of proportion to the needs of the people to whom it was called upon to minister, as witness the following figures: In 1789, France, with a population of twenty-five million, maintained an army of *religious* composed of no fewer than 18 archbishops, 118 bishops, 11,850 canons, 14,000 stipendiaries, 40,000 cathedral choristers, 44,000 parish clergy, 50,000 curates (*vicaires*), 60,000 *employés* in the seminaries and clerical colleges, 17,000 mendicant friars, 80,000 monks and nuns, making a total of 280,986 persons, who, besides possessing six hundred and twenty-two abbeys, producing from twelve thousand to four hundred thousand francs revenue, enjoyed an income of one hundred and twenty-one millions from the State, and owned a large part of the soil of France, which by law was exempt from taxation. Had the funds raised by the imposition of these burdens been expended in works of piety and mercy, the com-

plaints of the people would have been less excusable. As a matter of fact, a very great part of them was expended in outrageous stipends to some of the most profligate clerics in Europe, and in pensions to *abbés* who were clergy in nothing but name. No one can be surprised to find the populace discontented when they saw, in the midst of their poverty, the opera subsidized by a cardinal archbishop, prelates driving about in gilded coaches with tall footmen behind and their mistresses openly by their sides, and, as one of the writers of the time puts it, "a whole army of *abbés* and bishops' chaplains, judges of the toilette, of gambling, of furniture, and *bric à brac* . . . the best customers of the Palais Royal and of the perfumer Mailhe," etc., etc.*

Instead of reforming the Church, however, the Revolution destroyed it. By the autumn of 1791 the work of confiscation was complete, with the results that usually follow such a work. In other words, the Church with its corruptions was swept away, and a host of greedy speculators had obtained her property at fabulously inadequate prices. The religious houses were also suppressed, by no means to the displeasure of their inmates, if contemporary accounts are in any way worthy of credit. The monks and the cloister sisters were supposed to know nothing of what was going on, but the news had reached them in spite of those much vaunted bolts and bars of which Mirabeau makes such bitter fun. Even before the decree was passed the cloisters witnessed the unwonted spectacle of men *en culotte bleue et frac Anglais*, impatiently expecting their release. A chronicler of this period relates that on the 13th February, 1790, when the Constituent Assembly sat as late as eight in the evening, one of the deputies was accosted by a Capuchin friar, who asked him, with a bit of the filthiest slang that could be picked out of the Paris gutter, whether "it was all over with St. Francis." "Yes, and something more," said the deputy. "*Bon! Vive Jésus, le roi et la révolution!*" In a few days more the streets were thronged with the released celibates, who hastened to make the most of their freedom. The shops of the *artistes en cheveux* were thronged, and the erewhile bearded Capuchins strolled off with frizzled hair and moustaches waxed and pointed, to smoke upon the boulevard. One very odd incident is not given in

* Quoted by De Goncourt, p. 220.

the English histories of the Revolution. The Capuchins of the Rue St. Honoré implored the protection of the commune. The communal authorities, with a troop of barbers arrived upon the scene, and the entire community were, in the presence of an applauding multitude, shaved, combed, and curled after the most approved fashion of the day. The barefooted monks then put off their sandals and assumed the boots which had been brought for them, and the formality ended by their walking in procession to the Temple, where they exchanged their gowns for the dress of the usual fashion of the day. Other monks went to greater extremes. One made himself conspicuous by appearing at the theatres in his monastic cloak, and others by plunging into the wildest debauchery.

The dissolution of the convents of women did not create quite so much scandal. These establishments were of a totally different character, and, with all deference be it spoken, were in most cases rather like almshouses, as the word was understood in this country half a century ago, than anything else. Naturally enough, their inmates were by no means anxious to quit the roofs which had sheltered them for so long, and for admission to which they had paid in many cases a very heavy fee. These poor ladies may not have been very wise according to the lights of the new school of philosophy; but such faults as they had were the faults of their education, and not necessarily of their characters. All the influences about them were, moreover, strongly in favor of their continuance in the religious houses which to most of them were the only homes they had ever had or could hope for. More than this, their superiors, and the confessors who kept their consciences, studiously kept from them the knowledge of what was going on in the outer world; and, as the flood of revolution swelled, impressed upon them ever more and more the duty of keeping the solemn vows they had taken. Thus the nuns of one convent, who had obtained some information of what was going on in the outer world, were imprudent enough to mention it, and were straightway condemned by way of penance to eat the rice which formed the staple of their daily meal with an ear-pick.* Others are said — upon slighter authority, for these tales of convent discipline must always be taken with something more than a "grain" of salt — to have been impris-

oned and ill treated, whilst others who wished to profit by the decrees of the Assembly were threatened with the pains of hell and refused the sacraments.* Resistance was useless, however, and though some of the nuns sought to continue the religious life, the younger were speedily absorbed by *le monde mondain*. As was but natural at a period when liberty of speech had degenerated into egregious license, the suppression of the monasteries was made the pretext for a long series of unsavory orations in the National Assembly, and of dramatic performances which in these days and in this country would infallibly attract the notice of the police, even if they escaped the vigilance of the lord chamberlain. The populace, it should be added, sided with the Assembly, and when the *religieuses* strove to remain within the walls of their convents — as much their own property, be it remembered, as our own Serjeants' Inn was the property of the judges — broke in upon them and subjected them to outrages which Mr. Carlyle finds amusing, but which make the ears of honest men to tingle.

Under any ordinary conditions, their advent into a world of which they knew nothing would have been hard enough; but to be thrown, as these unhappy ladies were, into a world which was absolutely hostile to them, was a veritably cruel fate. What these "doves of the cloister" were to do was a problem which perplexed themselves and their friends alike. Some married, and forgot, or tried to forget, their vows in the bosom of their families. For the greater number there seems to have been no outlet; as, indeed, in modern society there seldom is a sphere for those who come under the opprobrious category of "old maids." The fate of the more frivolous is the most painful to contemplate. They had been cast suddenly into a world where morals and manners were alike extinct. The advertisements in the *Petites Affiches*, which appeared so often, "*Une demoiselle sortant du convent, sachant blanchir, repasser, et coudre, demande une place près d'une dame seule, ou demoiselle,*" remained unanswered. The family which fancied it had relieved itself of the burden of supporting its daughters by paying their dowry to the convent, made them feel that they were not wanted at home. What were they to do? The answer was painfully easy. Under the pernicious influence of a

* Mercier, New Picture of Paris.

* De Goncourt, pp. 140, 141.

Church which had forgotten her exalted mission, and of a court which was, perhaps, the most absolutely depraved in Europe, morality in private life had almost ceased to exist, but there was at least a pretence of public decency. With the advance of liberty, however, there was a more than corresponding growth of libertinage, so that when Louis XVI. swore fidelity to the Constitution in July, 1790, it was computed that exactly one-tenth of the population of Paris (sixty thousand out of six hundred thousand) were women who lived by a trade which — with all respect to Professor Newman — is surely the vilest ever pursued by woman. The police were so much occupied in looking after reactionary clubs, that they had no time to inquire into mere matters of morals, even after the imperfect fashion of the old days of despotism; and the result was that what the De Goncourts aptly call "the venal Venus" was to be found everywhere — in the streets, in the shops, in private houses, and, above all, in the theatre. The daily spectacle of judicial murder and the general uncertainty of life, created everywhere a feverish thirst for pleasure and excitement. Paris thus became, in the few years between the fall of the Bastille and the death of Robespierre, a worthy rival of Rome in the days of the Lower Empire, if not of the cities of the plain.

The press reflected the general depravity. Anything much viler than the newspapers of the Revolution it would be impossible to imagine. The name of one of them, the *Père Duchesne*, is associated with everything that is violent, brutal, and indecent, but Hébert's filthy print was hardly the worst of its class; while the pamphlets of the period, of which the name is legion, positively revel in profanity and obscenity. Here and there in public libraries may be found specimens of both kinds of literature, the very titles of which are a disgrace to humanity, and which, consequently, go uncatalogued, while some with very innocent-sounding titles are crammed with the most revolting wickednesses. Whenever the king or the king's family were to be attacked everything approaching to restraint was put on one side, and the vilest charges that a polluted imagination could conceive were levelled at their victims in language taken from the gutter and the brothel. It cannot, however, be denied that some of the prints, in their own vulgar and brutal way, were written with considerable ability. They appealed to the *canaille* — the thir-

teenth-century name for dogs — and they used the language of the kennel. They flattered their vices, painted in alluring colors their favorite amusements, and appealed to that class instinct which leads bodies of men into acts as arbitrary, cruel, and despotic as any of which a monarch could be guilty. The Reign of Terror showed of what atrocities a mob is capable when once it gets the upper hand. It lasted for exactly twelve months — from July, 1793, to July, 1794 — and during that time more than a million of persons were done to death, in by far the greater number of instances under circumstances of the most revolting brutality. When the mob of Paris broke into the Bastille there were but six prisoners, only one of whom had the smallest pretension to be considered a prisoner of State.

How far the press can be held responsible for the atrocities of the Revolution it is, of course, impossible to say, but that it did much to excite them cannot be doubted. Even before the Royalist journals had been extinguished the lust for blood was manifested in a very remarkable way. The brothers De Goncourt quote a remarkable illustration of the way in which "both parties, perceiving that the struggle between them was a mortal one, indulged in feverish imaginations of cannibalism and in dreams and hopes of monstrous punishments." One of the royalist prints, early in 1792, announced that in the counter-revolution it would be decreed "that the gallows should be set up *en permanence* on the Place de Grève for one year, for every day there would be some little execution there." A ferocious republican print, the *Jugement National*, replied that "the Prince de Lambesc should be conducted to the Place de Grève, there to have his arms, legs, and thighs cut off in pieces three inches long every six minutes, his body opened, and his heart torn out and placed in his mouth . . . the Sieurs de Guiche and de Hénin should be conducted to the Place de Grève, there to have the right arm of each cut off below the elbow-joint, and each to have the left arm burned with a blazing torch as far as the elbow, and then to be hanged and strangled." Mr. Croker, in his interesting monograph on the guillotine, has some remarks upon the subserviency of the press at this period. "Those who look," he says, "to the files of newspapers for information will find nothing but what, under the overwhelming terror of the moment, faction might choose to dictate to the trembling journalist," and in a foot-

note he mentions, apparently with regret, that on the 18th Fructidor (4th Sept. 1797) forty-two journals were suppressed by the Directory, their proprietors and editors all transported, and their properties confiscated. Few people will be inclined to share Mr. Croker's emotion. So far, indeed, from the suppression of these prints being a matter for regret, the only lamentable thing is that the punishment of the journalists who had so large a share in bringing about the Terror was not far more severe.

Literature of this kind required a special education, and that was provided. The lessons of liberty, equality, fraternity, or death, began in the cradle. One Rolin, who for thirty years had kept a private school in the Rue Sévres, was so anxious to conform to the views of the Assembly that he engaged a new professor, "with the object of teaching M.M. his pupils" — this, it will be observed, was before the word *monsieur* had come to be considered a badge of slavery — "the new Constitution which ought to be the principal object of their instruction, the rights of man, and the civil law." Rolin was not alone. Other schools were projected where, instead of Greek and Latin and mathematics, the pupils were to be taught the meaning and object of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and where the reading-lessons were to be taken from the decrees of the National Assembly. One patriotic preceptor went so far as to advertise that, as he respected nothing so much as the "sage and sublime" proceedings of the Assembly, he would devote the greater part of his time to explaining its decrees to his pupils. This was, however, only an amplification of the ideas of Condorcet, who, in his celebrated plan for the regeneration of the human race, placed primary education in the first rank, and proposed that in each of his projected schools a teacher, subsidized by the State, should on every Sunday expound the Constitution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man, "not as tables sent down from Heaven, which must be adored, but as exalted products of human reason."

The Convention did not adopt the ideas of Condorcet in their integrity, but they passed a law providing free, compulsory, and atheistical education for all children. Private education was not recognized, and parents, tutors, and guardians were required, under heavy penalties, to send their children to the public schools, the object being, as a writer of the period remarks, "to form the new generation

for the State rather than for society."* Whether the State has succeeded in doing the work of education better than the family may, perhaps, be open to question. In theory Danton was, perhaps, right enough when he declaimed in the Convention against the narrowing effect of domestic training; but the world, with all respect for the philosophers of the eighteenth century, is not governed wholly by theory, and attempts to act as if it were, and to make no allowance for practical considerations, are apt to end somewhat disastrously. In the matter of education in France, it will probably be thought that this is especially true.

The education of the children of the Revolution being thus moulded in accordance with the purest republican theory, it became necessary to supply lesson-books worthy of an enlightened age. Those then in use were condemned as unworthy of an enlightened age, inasmuch as they inculcated such obsolete notions as the duty of submission to pastors and masters, to the king, and all in authority under him, and the desirability of doing our duty in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call us. All such notions as these were obviously unworthy of republican enlightenment, and an appeal was consequently made to good republicans everywhere to provide fitting manuals. The response was instantaneous. Hundreds of little books for use in the primary schools poured from the press, all of which began with the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the Constitution, and that "Prayer to the Supreme Being" which in France, at least for one generation, displaced the prayer of Christendom. There is something pathetic, as well as ludicrous, in this notion of teaching little children politics in the nursery. Scarcely can the child say his letters when he is introduced to the rights of man; no sooner has he learned to read than a catechism of the French Constitution is put into his hand. Sometimes the founders of the "new moral world" go a step farther. Thus, a certain Citizen Lechaboussière published a catechism,† which is apparently intended to replace the "Garden of the Soul" and similar manuals of Catholic devotion. The first question is "What art thou?" and the child is to answer: —

* It is, perhaps, something more than a coincidence that in the debates on Mr. Forster's Education Bill, Mr. Disraeli made use of this phrase: "It is," said he, "always machinery, and never sympathy; always the State, and never Society."

† Catechisme Républicaine.

Homme libre et pensant ; né pour haïr les rois,
N'aimer que mes egaux, et servir ma patrie,
Vivre de mon travail ou de mon industrie,
Abhorrer l'esclavage, et me soumettre aux lois.

Sometimes the philosopher essays a loftier flight. Thus in another catechism of the same kind,* a mother is taught to explain to her child that "reason is to the soul what the sun is to the body; it vivifies, it enlightens, it directs, it guides in the paths of virtue." The instruction is sometimes carried rather a long way, and subjects concerning which Englishmen usually maintain a discreet reserve amounting almost to reverence, are expounded to the philosopher in petticoats with a frankness which is simply brutal. What necessity there can be for explaining the relations of the sexes to the occupants of primary schools it is not easy to see, nor is it more easy to understand the wisdom of teaching the young republican "that Louis XVI., as imbecile as Claudius, was led away by a Messalina, Marie Antoinette of Austria, and allowed the greatest part of the treasure of France to pass into the hands of foreigners." In another catechism, "by the Citoyenne Desmarests de Corbeil," the young republican is taught that he is "a child of his country;" that his riches are liberty and equality, and that his contribution to society is "a heart to love my country and an arm to fight for her." In yet another,† the child is taught to say that "a mere abridgement of the evils wrought by the Catholic Church makes him shudder."

It is not merely in books of education, but in books of amusement also, that this strange fancy for instructing youthful *sans-culottes* in the principles of republicanism displays itself. The brothers De Goncourt give an account of a little work of this kind, not available in England, so curious that it may be well to quote it. The author—Citoyen Freville—is, it should be remarked, known to fame as the French translator of "Cook's Voyages," and as the author of a number of schoolbooks and works for children, the catalogue of which fills a page and a half of "La France Littéraire." This book has for title "La Vie et Mort Républicaines du Petit Emilien," and as it is not very readily available, the account of the brothers De Goncourt is subjoined:—

At eighteen months the spirit of Republican charity speaks already so strongly in the heart of the little Emilien that he wishes to feed the

Chinese figures on the screen which surrounds his bed, saying: "*Manse, Nanan*" (Eat, Nana). Taken to Versailles, the little Emilien sees the Dauphin playing with his little dog, Moufflat. He wants to join in the Dauphin's game when "a vile slave of the royal herd" forces his mother to take him away. The young Emilien, in whose breast this humiliation awakens sentiments of civic virtue, asks his mother if the King made him (*fait tata*). Enlightened on this point of detail he profits by the equality of all men, when they are stripped of their clothes, to call the King for the future nothing more than M. Capet, and thenceforward he never goes over the lists of the Kings of France without thumping with his little fist the effigies of Clovis, Clothaire, Childbert, and Charles IX., whom his mother has described to him as tyrants, crying out to each as he strikes it, *Mezzan, mezzan* (*méchante, naughty*)! Little Emilien is attacked with consumption, and is already very ill when the 20th Brumaire arrives—the day of the first of the Feasts of Reason. He gets out of bed more dead than alive, and, half held, half carried by his little comrade, Chéri, he mingles in the procession and sings, *Allons, Enfants de la Patrie*. He returns; fever seizes upon him; the doctor gives him over; his parents are weeping at the foot of his bed, but his mind is occupied with public affairs; with the news from the armies, and, above all, with the trial of Bailly, who had just been condemned to death, "Won't they send him to the guillotine?" asks the dying child. "*Oui, mon ami*," replies his mother. "Oh! he has well deserved it!" And the little Emilien dies some minutes after he had said, "What grieves me most is to leave mamma, and not to be useful to the Republic!" Then the little Emiliens who do not die make similar speeches to the Commune. "Instead of going in a body to mass, we will go to drill; instead of learning the Gospel, we will learn the Rights of Man. Our Catechism shall be the Constitution, our confessionals shall be sentry-boxes, and there, instead of accusing ourselves of our own faults, we will look out for the faults of others."

This marvellous romance, which, the reader will observe, bears a very singular likeness to those touching stories which, in the early days of the century, formed the only mental pabulum of Evangelical families in this country, attained an immense popularity, and now forms the penultimate tract of the "*Vie des Enfants Célèbres, Seconde Edition*," in which form it is preserved in the library of the British Museum. It is worthy of note, however, that in this edition which bears date An XI. (1803), the ultra-republicanism is expunged. The dying Emilien does not walk in the procession of the Feast of Reason, but stays at home and plays with his drum, and his dying moments are occupied with caressing his

* Livre indispensable aux Enfants de la Liberté.

† Education Nationale.

mother rather than with the sanguinary *sans-culottisms* about the venerable Bailly. While the Revolutionary fever lasted, these strange and weird productions circulated by thousands and tens of thousands in every district of France. It may be said that they were the signs of a natural reaction against the excessive strain which had been put upon the docility of the French people by successive generations of political and ecclesiastical despots, and there may be some truth in that view. At the same time, it is doubtful whether there is anything in sacred or profane history more distinctly illustrative of the principle of putting evil for good, and good for evil, than some of the sentences quoted above.

The anti-religious character of this revolt of the lower classes against the upper was never more strikingly illustrated than in the precipitate severance of all acts of public life from the sanctions of the Church which followed the summoning of the States-General. Up to 1789 the Church presided over every act of a Frenchman's life—his birth, his marriage, and his death. Under the republic registration was substituted for baptism, and soon the administration of that sacrament was prohibited. An appearance at the office of the commune answered to marriage, and the place of the priest was taken by the local *maire*, who was generally a dirty tradesman of the lowest class, distinguished from his fellows by the abnormal filthiness of his hands and the coarseness of his clothing. A *bonnet rouge* replaced the mitre, and a shag spencer and tricolored scarf were substituted for the vestments of the Church. "Death itself, emancipated from the sacraments," say the brothers De Goncourt, "became a matter of pure statistics, verified, rather than consecrated, by municipal authority." The creed of Christendom disappeared, and for a considerable time its place was taken by the Constitutional oath, which, indeed, became a rather ludicrous kind of fetish. It was imposed on every occasion. Lawyers refused to plead unless their clients would renew it and append it to their briefs, while, when an *acte de naissance* was registered, the substitutes for sponsors were wont to take it in the name of the new-born infant. The mania for classical names set in very early, and many an honest lad who might have become a respectable *épicier* or *menuisier* as Jean or Pierre, turned ferocious republican under the oppression of such names as Brutus, Timoléon, or Aristide. The

mania had some very remarkable illustrations. One virtuous *citoyenne*, who rejoiced in the name of Reine, solemnly abandoned it for the somewhat cumbrous appellation of "Fraternité Bonne Nouvelle." A certain Lature, a municipal at Montmorency, baptized his son Libre Petion Leture, and a child born in the section of the Pont Neuf was called after the name of his quarter. Marriage was as speedily secularized as baptism. By the law of 20th September, 1792, all that was necessary was a publication at the office of the municipality:—

Marriage between M. — and Mlle. —, who agree to live in lawful matrimony, and present themselves to-day at the Municipality of Paris, there to reiterate the present promise, and there to be authorized under the laws of the State.

An engraving by Legrand, reproduced in the magnificent work of Paul Lacroix ("Directoire, Consulat, et Empire"), shows us the republican marriage. The *maire*, girt with a tricolored scarf, stands behind a table; a statue emblematic of the Republic is on his left, flanked by that *Etat Civil* which replaced the Decalogue under the reign of an unmitigated democracy. Bride and bridegroom are in front of the municipal table. There is no pretence of solemnity, and a clerk, with his back to the ceremony, calmly writes in a big ledger. Such marriages, of course, brought about divorces. In September, 1792, *la loi fondamentale de divorce* was passed by the Assembly, and in fifteen months 5,994 divorces were decreed in Paris alone, the greater number of which were granted on account of "incompatibility of temper."

Funerals, in the same way, were shorn of their religious character under the republic. There was an abundant display of patriotism, but all expression of religious hope and religious faith was rigorously excluded. The hearse was draped with the eternal tricolor; the mourners wore scarves and sashes of the same hues; a tricolored flag replaced the pall, and, by way of funeral service, the sorrowing relations sang the *Marsellaise* as they hurried, almost at a run, between the tricolored posts (strangely suggestive to English eyes of the barber's pole) which marked out the way the last resting-place of the departed patriot.* It was a matter of course that a municipal officer should be present; equally so that he should

* Lacroix, pp. 231, et seq.

wear a carmagnole of shag cloth, a tricolored scarf, and a red nightcap.

This red nightcap—Cap of Liberty, so called—was typical of much. It mainly symbolized the subordination of all classes in the State to the lowest. Before the Revolution this hideous headdress was worn from necessity, and by no means from choice, by the Auvergnats and Savoyards, who, then as now, were the hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Parisians. When the *Culbute Generale*, as Carlyle (and nobody else) calls it, was accomplished, every one was compelled to wear it. For a while it was even a part of the national military uniform. Then it became a symptom of that mysterious crime known as *incivisme* not to wear it. Poor unhappy Louis XVI., who would have liked nothing so much as to be left alone, was not merely compelled to put it on, but had to submit to the indignity of having his portrait painted in it.* Constitutional priests even said mass in it. For a while it was as universal as the tricolor, and, as appears in the costly though imperfect work on French costume published by Miffler in 1839, it formed part of the regular Revolutionary uniform—a pair of top-boots, light, or rather dirty yellow, breeches, a blue coat, a red waistcoat, buttoned to the throat, a white collar, and a red nightcap adorned with a tricolored cockade and drawn down to the eyebrows. Even boys at school were compelled to assume this hideous emblem of equality, and in process of time it became for them the equivalent of that civic crown which was the reward of their diligence.

The coarseness and roughness of which this cap was the outward and visible sign extended to every detail of Parisian life. Frenchmen had been wont to pride themselves on their politeness; they were polite no longer. It was a sign of *aristocratie* to say "Monsieur" or "Madame," or to speak with any of the old forms. Under the Terror it was dangerous even to say *vous*, and to subscribe one's self "your humble servant" might lead to a glance through the "national window." It was a mark of *incivisme* to remove the hat, "except when your head is too hot, or you wish to speak in an assembly;" while others like "the Sapeur Audoin, editor of the *Journal Universel ou Révolution des Royaumes*," were of opinion that by kissing the hand of a pretty woman "one loses that haughty and masculine

attitude which every good patriot ought to maintain." From manners and habits the infection of coarseness soon spread to furniture and the household. The style *Louis XV.* was the acme of bad taste and ostentation; but the style which replaced it—*le style Républicain*—was the vulgar-garst that has ever been conceived. Rosewood and ebony and inlaid work gave place everywhere to mahogany, and the furniture of the houses was uniformly designed to teach the true republican the one invariable lesson that his political principles imply only dulness and meanness. The appeal to classical antiquity was, as has already been said, very much of an afterthought. The revolt of the lower classes against their masters needed an explanation, and it was found in the sayings of the philosophers, and apologized for by the example of the ancients. But if there had been no precedents in Greek and Roman history, the revolt would have occurred all the same. Two such reigns as those of Louis XIV. and his grandson would have exhausted the patience of a much less impressionable race than the French. Even political provocations are, however, insufficient to account for the madness which deluged France with blood for two long years, and which turned the nation, which for so many generations had prided itself upon its culture and urbanity, into the scene of the foulest cruelty, tyranny, and filthiness the world had ever known. At first sight such things are inexplicable; but a little reflection reveals the fact that the causes of the French Revolution were social rather than political—a fact which may not be unworthy of attention in England at the present day.

FRANCIS HITCHMAN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A FIRE AT SEA.*

In the month of May of the year eighteen hundred and thirty eight I happened to be crossing from St. Petersburg to Lubeck on the steamship *Nicholas the First*. As at that time there was very little railway communication, every tourist took the sea route, and for the same reason many people brought their travelling-carriages with them, so as to be able to

* In a posthumous volume (*Œuvres Dernières de I. Tourgueneff*, Hetzel et Cie, Paris) this is said to have been a real incident in the novelist's life, dictated by him in French three months before he died.

* De Goncourt, p. 430.

continue their tour through Germany, France, and other countries. We had with us, I remember, twenty-eight private conveyances, and were in all two hundred and eighty passengers, including twenty children. I was very young at the time, and as I did not suffer at all from seasickness I enjoyed my new experiences immensely. Some of the ladies on board were extremely pretty, and a few quite beautiful; most of them, alas! are long since dead.

It was the first time that my mother had ever allowed me to go away by myself, and before I left she made me promise to be on my best behavior, and, above all things, never to touch a card. As it happened, it was this last promise that was the first to be broken.

One particular evening there was a great gathering of the passengers in the saloon, where some well-known Russian bankers were gambling. They used to play a kind of lansquenet, and the jingle of the gold pieces, which were much more common then than they are now, was quite deafening. Suddenly one of the players, seeing that I did not join in, and not understanding why, asked me to take a hand, and when in my boyish simplicity I told him my reason, he went into a fit of laughter, and called out to his friends that he had made a real find, a young man who had never played cards in his life, and who consequently was quite certain to have the most extraordinary luck, fool's luck, in fact! I don't know how it came about, but ten minutes later I was sitting at the gambling-table with a lot of cards in my hand, as bold as brass, and playing, playing like a madman.

I must acknowledge that in my case the old proverb turned out true; money kept coming to me in waves; and beneath my trembling, perspiring hands the gold piled itself up in heaps. The banker who had induced me to play never stopped for a moment urging me on, and exciting me to bet. I actually thought I had made my fortune. Suddenly the saloon door is flung wide open, a lady rushes in, cries out in a faint, agonized voice, "The ship is on fire!" and falls on a sofa in a dead faint. The effect was like that of an earthquake. Everybody started from his seat; the gold and the silver and the bank-notes were strewn all over the cabin, and we rushed out. I cannot understand how it was that we had not noticed the smoke before. It had already reached us. In fact the staircase was full of it, and the whole place was lit with a dull-red glare,

the glare of burning coal. In the twinkling of an eye every one was on deck. Two huge pillars of smoke were slowly rising up on each side of the funnel, and sweeping along the masts, and the uproar and tumult which began at that moment never ceased. The scene of disorder was indescribable. I felt that all the human beings on board were suddenly seized with a frantic desire for self-preservation, I myself most of all. I remember catching hold of a sailor by the arm and pledging him my word that my mother would give him ten thousand roubles if he saved my life. The sailor naturally looked on my offer as a joke, and shook me off, and I did not suggest it again. I felt that what I had been saying to him was perfect nonsense. However I must add that everything I saw around me was quite as nonsensical. How true it is that nothing comes up to the tragic side of a shipwreck but its comic side! A rich landed proprietor, for instance, was seized with a fit of terror, and flinging himself down on his face began frantically kissing the deck. After he had been doing this some time it so happened that the fury of the flames abated for a moment, in consequence of the great masses of water which were being pumped into the coal-bunks. He leaped to his feet at once, drew himself to his full height, and cried out in a stentorian voice, "O ye of little faith, think ye that our God, the God of the Russian people, will suffer us to perish?" Just then, however, the flames broke out worse than before, and the poor man, with all his faith in the God of the Russian people, flung himself down again on his hands and knees and returned to his deck-kissing. A gaunt-looking general kept bawling out, "A special messenger must be despatched immediately to the emperor. We despatched a special messenger to him when the military colonies revolted, and the lives of several important people were saved in consequence. I myself was there in person!" A gentleman with an umbrella in his hand suddenly, in a mad fit of passion, rushed at a very ugly little oil-painting that happened to be among the luggage, fastened to an easel, and began to stave it in. It was a portrait; and with the ferule of his umbrella he made five holes in it, where the eyes, the nose, the mouth, and the ears were, exclaiming from time to time, as he accomplished this act of vandalism, "What is the use of this picture now?" The picture did not belong to him at all! A huge fat man, looking like a German

brewer, wept floods of tears, and kept calling out, "Captain! captain! captain!" in most heart-rending accents. Finally the captain, losing all patience, caught him by the collar of his coat, and shouted at him, "Well! I'm the captain. What do you want with me?" The fat brewer gazed at him blankly, and with increased pathos in his voice recommenced his piteous cry of "Captain! captain!"

However, it was the captain who really saved our lives. First, by altering our course, which he succeeded in doing while it was still possible to enter the engine-room; for if the steamer had kept on straight for Lubeck, instead of making at once for land, it would undoubtedly have been burned to the water's edge before reaching port. Secondly, by ordering the sailors to draw their cutlasses, and to have no hesitation in cutting down any one who tried to seize either of the life-boats. I should mention that we had only two life-boats left, the others having been capsized through the carelessness of some of the passengers who had stupidly tried to launch them without knowing how. It was curious to notice the involuntary feeling of respect inspired by these stern, impassive sailors, Danes, by the way, most of them, as they stood there with their drawn swords, which in the red glare of the flames seemed bloodstained already.

It was now blowing a pretty strong gale, and the violence of the wind was a good deal intensified by the fire which by this time was raging and roaring over more than a third of the vessel. At the risk of wounding the vanity of my own sex I feel bound to acknowledge that during this crisis the women showed more presence of mind than most of the men did. With their pale faces and the white drapery of the bedclothes which they had hurriedly caught up when summoned from their berths, they seemed to me, sceptic though I was even at that early age, like angels come down from heaven to shame us and to give us courage.

However, there were a few men who showed some pluck. I remember one particularly, M. D—ff, our ex-ambassador at Copenhagen. He had taken off his shoes and necktie, tied his coat round him with the sleeves across his chest, and was seated on a thick taut rope with his feet dangling in the air, quietly smoking a cigar and examining us all with a look of amused pity. As for myself, I had taken refuge on the lower rungs of one of the futtock shrouds, and sat there watching

with a sort of dull wonder the red foam as it boiled and churned beneath me, wetting my face now and then with a flying flake of froth; and, as I looked down into it, I kept saying to myself, "So there is where I must die, at eighteen years of age!" for I had quite made up my mind that it was better to be drowned than to be roasted. The flames were now shooting over my head in a great arch, and I could clearly distinguish the roar of the fire from the roar of the waves.

Not far from me was sitting a little old woman, a cook, I should think, belonging to one of the families which were on their way to Europe. Her head was buried in her hands, and she seemed to be murmuring a prayer. Suddenly she looked up at me, and whether or not she thought she could see in my face the expression of some sinister resolve I cannot say, but, whatever her reason was, she clutched me by the arm, and in a voice in which entreaty and sternness were strangely blended, said to me, "No, sir, no one has absolute right over his own life, you no more than any one else. Whatever form of death God sends to you, you must submit to it. It is your duty. Else you will be committing suicide, and will be punished for it in the next world."

I had really no desire at all to commit suicide; but from a sort of spirit of bravado, for which, considering the awful position I was in, I cannot at all account, I made two or three feigned attempts to carry out the purpose with which she credited me; and every time that I did so the poor old creature rushed at me to try to prevent my accomplishing, as she thought, a great crime. At last I felt ashamed, and stopped. And indeed with death before me, imminent and inevitable — why act? Why spend my last moments playing a comedy? However I had no time either to analyze my own fantastic feelings, or to admire the poor old woman's want of egotism (her altruism, as we should say nowadays), for the roar of the flames over our heads became suddenly more terrible, and simultaneously there rang out a voice like a trumpet, the voice of our guardian angel, "You fool, what are you doing there? You will be killed, follow me!"

Immediately, though we did not know who was calling to us or where we had to go, up jumped this dear old woman and myself, as if we had been shot from a gun, and off we rushed through the smoke after a sailor in a blue jersey, whom we saw climbing a rope ladder in front of us.

Without in the slightest degree understanding why, I climbed up the ladder after him, and I verily believe that at that moment if he had thrown himself into the water or done anything extraordinary, no matter what, I should have blindly followed his example. After he had clambered up two or three rounds of the ladder, the sailor jumped heavily on to the top of a travelling carriage, whose wheels, by the way, were already on fire; I jumped after him; I heard the old woman jump after me; then from the top of the first carriage the sailor jumped on to the top of a second, then on to the top of a third, I keeping always behind him, and finally in this way we reached the bow of the ship. Nearly all the passengers were assembled there. The sailors, under the direction of the captain, were launching one of the life-boats, fortunately the largest we had. Across the other side of the vessel I could see the long line of the Lubeck cliffs lit up by the glare of our fire. They were a good deal more than a mile off. I did not know how to swim, and though it was probably not very deep where we had gone aground (for we had struck without any of us noticing it) still the waves were terribly high. However, the moment I caught sight of dry land I felt quite sure I was safe, and to the amazement of every one who was standing near me I began to dance and to cry "Hip! hip! hurrah!" I did not care to join the crowd which was hustling around the steps that led up to the big life-boat; there were too many women, old men, and children in it. Besides ever since I had caught sight of land, I did not care to hurry myself, I felt so certain I was saved. I remember noticing with surprise that very few of the children showed any signs of terror, and that many of them were actually asleep in their mothers' arms. None of them were lost.

I remarked in the middle of the crowd of passengers a tall, military-looking man leaning against a bench, which he had just wrenched out of the deck and set athwart ships. He stood there quite motionless, his clothes all dripping with sea-water. I was told that in an involuntary fit of terror he had brutally elbowed out of his way a woman who had tried to get in front of him, so as to jump into one of the first life-boats that had foundered; and that, on being collared by one of the stewards and thrown roughly down upon the deck, the old soldier, who, by the way, was a general, had felt so ashamed of his momentary act of cowardice that he had

sworn an oath that he would not leave the steamer till after every one else, including the captain. He was a magnificently built man, with a curiously pale face. His forehead was still bleeding from the blow he had received; and as he stood there he looked about him with an air of deep humility, as if he were asking people to forgive him.

In the mean while I had made my way over to the larboard side, where I saw the smaller of our two life-boats pirouetting on the waves like a toy-boat. There were two sailors in it who were making signs to the passengers to try to jump. This, however, was not such an easy thing to do, as the *Nicholas the First* stood very high out of the water, and it required a good deal of skill to jump into the boat without sinking it. At last, however, I made up my mind to have a try, and began by standing on one of the anchor-chains which were hung over the ship's side. But just as I was about letting myself go, something very heavy and very soft fell on top of me. It was a woman, who had thrown her arms round my neck, and hung there like a log. I must acknowledge that my first impulse was to catch her by her two hands and to throw her right over my head; but fortunately I resisted the temptation. The shock, however, very nearly sent us both into the sea; and in we must assuredly have gone, if by a piece of extraordinary good luck there had not been dangling right in front of my nose a rope belonging to some part of the rigging. I made a frantic clutch at this with one hand, and with this heavy lady still clinging to me, hung there for a moment, cutting my fingers to the bone. I then looked down and saw that the life-boat was right under us, and putting my trust in Providence let myself go. Every timber in the life-boat creaked. "Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

I left my companion in a dead faint at the bottom of the boat, and turned round to look at the steamer. A great mass of faces, women's faces chiefly, were anxiously peering at us over the side. "Jump!" I cried, holding out my arms, "jump!" At this particular moment the splendid success of my daring leap and the consciousness that I was well out of reach of the fire gave me the most extraordinary physical strength as well as pluck; the only three women who could make up their minds to jump, I caught as easily as one catches apples in an orchard. I should note that every one of these ladies gave a piercing shriek when she

left the steamer, and fainted in mid-air. One of the hapless dames was very nearly killed through a gentleman throwing an enormously heavy trunk into our boat. I suppose he had gone out of his mind. The trunk, by the way, was broken in the fall, and seeing inside it an extremely handsome dressing-case, I at once solemnly presented it to the two sailors, without ever stopping to consider whether I had any claim to give away other people's belongings. The sailors, with similar disregard for the rights of property, gratefully accepted my gift. We then started at once for shore, rowing as hard as we could, and followed by cries from the steamer of "Come back as soon as you can! Send us back the boat!" And indeed as soon as there were only two or three feet of water we felt it our duty to get out. A cold, drizzling rain had been falling for about an hour, and though it had had no effect at all on the fire it had succeeded in wetting us to the skin.

At last we reached the shore, for which we had so longed, but it turned out to be little better than a swamp of wet, sticky mud, and we sank in it up to our knees. Our boat went back at once, and in company with the larger life-boat, began to transport the passengers from the steamer to land. Very few people had been lost, eight, I think, in all. One had fallen into a coal-bunk, and another had been drowned in an attempt to carry all his money away with him. The latter, whose name I just knew, had spent most of the day playing chess with me, and had been so excited over our games that Prince W—, who was looking on, said to him finally, "You play as if it were a matter of life or death!" As for the luggage, it was nearly all burned, and so were the travelling carriages.

Amongst the ladies who had escaped was a very pretty married woman, Madame T—; she was excessively charming, though her time was a good deal taken up with her four little daughters and their nurses. At the present moment she was sitting in the most desolate manner on the beach, without shoes or stockings, and with hardly anything over her shoulders. I felt it was my duty as a gentleman to offer her every assistance in my power, and as a result found myself without my coat, my boots, and my necktie. To make matters worse, a peasant, whom I had been to the top of the cliff to look for, and whom I had sent down to meet the shipwrecked travellers with a wagon and a pair of horses, did not think it

worth his while to wait for me, but set off for Lubeck with all my ladies; so there was I left alone, half naked and wet to the marrow of my bones, to gaze at the sea where our ship had nearly succeeded in burning itself out. I use the word "succeeded" advisedly, as I never could have believed that such a huge affair as a big steamer could be so soon destroyed. By this time it was merely a vast blot of fire on the sea; a motionless mass of flames streaked with the black outlines of the chimneys and the masts. Round and round it wheeled the gulls with a sort of monotonous indifference in their flight. Then it ceased to be flame and became ashes; a great heap of ashes spangled with tiny bright sparks which were scattered over the waves in long curving lines. "Is this all?" I thought, "and life itself — what is it but a handful of ashes strewn on the wind?"

Fortunately, however, for the meditative philosopher whose teeth were now beginning to chatter, a second waggoner arrived to pick me up. The honest fellow extorted two ducats from me, but as a set-off lent me his thick coat to wrap myself up in, and sang me two or three country songs, that I thought rather pretty. In this way I got to Lubeck by sunrise, and coming across my fellow sufferers left with them for Hamburg.

Here we found waiting for us twenty thousand roubles, which the emperor Nicholas, who happened at the moment to be on his way to Berlin, had sent by one of his equerries. There was a meeting of the male passengers, at which it was decided that this money should be handed over to the women. Our generosity did not really put us to much inconvenience, as at that time every Russian who came to Germany was allowed unlimited credit. Alas! those golden days are over!

The sailor, to whom I had promised the enormous sum of money in my mother's name if he saved my life, came and asked me to carry out my agreement. As I was not quite sure of his identity, and as in any case he had done nothing at all for me, I gave him one thaler. He took it, and thanked me warmly.

As for the poor old cook who had shown such an interest in the salvation of my soul, I never saw her again; but, whether she was burned or whether she was drowned, I am quite sure that she has a special place set apart for her in Paradise.

From The Nineteenth Century.
WHENCE CAME THE COMETS?

ALTHOUGH the astronomer has achieved many successes in studying comets, yet these objects still remain outside the surveyed fields of astronomy—now, as in the old days when men spoke of sun and moon, planet and stars, as including all the members of the heavenly host. The two comets now shining in our skies illustrate the present position of cometic astronomy. They have appeared without warning, we know not whence; they have not until now been known to astronomers as travelling on recognized orbits and in definite periods; and even hereafter, though the astronomer may determine their orbital motions and calculate the time when either should return, he cannot be sure that they will not be dissipated into unrecognizable portions before that time arrives.

I do not propose to remark here upon the probable nature of comets, or upon the possible interpretation of the various phenomena they present. The only circumstance in regard to them which I shall take into account in what follows is that close relationship between comets and meteor streams which was established in 1866 by the combined labors of Schiapparelli, Adams, and Tempel. I shall treat this kinship between comets and meteors as rendering certain or highly probable the following propositions:—

(1) Every meteoric stream follows in the train of some comet large or small, which either exists now or has been dissipated, as Biela's comet was, leaving only its meteoric trail to show where it once travelled.

(2) Every comet is followed or preceded by a train of meteors (this train has nothing to do with the comet's tail), extending over a greater or less portion of the comet's orbit, according to the length of time during which the comet has existed.

(3) All meteoric bodies, from those which exist as the finest dust to the largest meteorites, hundreds of pounds in weight, may be regarded as bodies of the same kind, differing from each other indeed in constitution as they obviously do in mass, just as planets and asteroids do, but all to be interpreted—if they can be interpreted at all—in the same general way.

We may in some degree illustrate the nature of the assumptions here made in the three following assumptions which an insect which had observed the phenomena of rain, cloud, mist, snow, etc., might be

supposed to make: (1) Every shower of rain implies the existence of a cloud; (2) every cloud implies the descent, at some time or other, of rain, greater or less in quantity and heaviness; and (3) all drops of water, from the tiniest water vesicles in a cloud to the heaviest raindrops, are of the same kind, differing only in shape or in size; snowflakes also, as formed of water particles in a changed form, must be put in the same class.

And as the insect by studying the relations which exist between clouds and rain might be led to form an opinion whence clouds come, which would tell it also (as we know) whence rain comes,* so perhaps may we by studying the relations which exist between meteor streams and comets be led to form an opinion whence comets (which are meteor collections) have originally come.

The very first suggestion ever made respecting the origin of comets came, indeed, from such considerations as I have mentioned above. Schiapparelli, to whom we owe the happy guess, and the beginning of its confirmation as a useful truth, that meteors are bodies following in the tracks of comets, threw out the idea that comets, regarded as flights of meteors, may be travelling in multitudes through the interstellar depths, and be from time to time drawn out thence by the attraction of our sun. He pictured our sun, in his swift rush onward with his train of planetary attendants, as coming into ever-fresh regions of comet-strewn space. A comet or meteor flight drawn towards him by the sun would approach the solar system on a path which may be described as casual. It might cross the general plane near which all the planets travel at any point, the chance that that point would lie near a planetary orbit being very small indeed. Supposing the point where the meteor flight crossed that important plane—the life plane of the solar system—to be on or near a planetary orbit, the chance would still be very small that the meteor flight would cross there at a time when the planet to which that orbit belonged was near that particular point. The chances would, in fact, be

* To us, who know how clouds and rain are really produced, this imagined inquiry of the insect may seem trivial. But man had advanced far in scientific research before he had learned anything about the source and nature of rain, hail, snow, cloud, mist, and fog. The whole subject was as completely mysterious, for example, to all the writers whose works were included by the Jews among their sacred books (in probably *all* their ancient documents), as were the phenomena of comets, which with them were veritable angels or messengers from Yahveh.

millions of millions, or rather of billions, to one that the meteor flight would visit our solar system without coming near any planetary body, in which case it would pass out from our solar system again, never to return to it.* But if a meteor flight did chance to come very close indeed to a planet of adequate mass, the flight might, said Schiaparelli, be captured. The planet might abstract so much of the comet's velocity as to leave only a balance corresponding to motion in a closed or elliptic path; and on such a path would the meteor flight or comet necessarily travel thereafter — unless, perhaps, after many revolutions of each, the planet at some subsequent encounter undid the work which it had accomplished when first it approached the comet.

So far Schiaparelli reasoned soundly on the basis of his assumption. I say assumption of set purpose; for it is altogether a mistake to regard the idea thus thrown out by Schiaparelli as if it were a theory. His idea that meteors follow in the track of comets developed into a theory when it had been tested and confirmed by observation. But the case is different with the idea, that meteor flights are travelling amid the star depths like fish in the depths of ocean.

But Schiaparelli did not even reason quite correctly. A single meteoric mass, or even a small meteor flight, might be introduced into our solar system in the way suggested by Schiaparelli; for undoubtedly the giant planets possess the power he attributed to them, and if a body from without came near enough to any one of them, could so reduce its velocity as to change its path from the hyperbolic (or unclosed) form to an elliptic or closed orbit. And thenceforth such a body would travel around the sun systematically, on an eccentric path passing very near the orbit of the planet by whose influence it had been originally introduced into the system.

But a giant planet could do no more. It could not generate a meteor stream in the way suggested by Schiaparelli. So soon as we test the matter by mathematical analysis, we find that very close approach would have to be made to a planet that a single body might be forced into a closed path, and it is certain that a flight of bodies large enough to produce any of

the known meteor streams would have its components very widely scattered by the planet's perturbing action, simply because the different components of the flight would be exposed to very different degrees of disturbing action.

This I have shown mathematically, and my demonstration has not been questioned — though Professor Young, of Princeton, N. J., in admitting the validity of my reason, suggests the possibility that some way may hereafter be found for eluding the difficulty. But then Professor Young holds the strange idea that Schiaparelli's speculation as to the origin of comets and meteor streams is an accepted theory; and laboring under this delusion, imagines that there *must* be some way of meeting objections to it.

But it is worthy of notice that Schiaparelli's fancy, even if accepted, would prove nothing about the origin of comets and meteors. To say that they came from out the interstellar depths on hyperbolic paths, is to assert what can be disproved by mathematical demonstration. But if it could be proved, what would it amount to? Merely to this — that comets which now travel on closed paths once travelled on endless paths. We are no whit nearer the explanation of their origin. If the interstellar depths are crowded with meteor flights, we have to ask whence the meteor flights came. To say that fish which have been drawn from the sea were originally swimming about in the sea, is surely not to add much to our knowledge about fish.

It may be urged, however, that comets and meteor streams are simply the material left unused after the various solar systems in our galaxy had been formed, by processes of meteoric aggregation.

Unfortunately for this explanation, the comets and meteor systems we have to explain are precisely those which, had they existed from the earlier ages, when our solar system and its fellows were forming, would have been the first to be gathered up. For they are those which pass near the orbits of various planets, some near the orbit of Jupiter, some near that of Saturn, or of Uranus, or of Neptune, and about four hundred which pass near the orbit of our earth. These comets, with their associated meteor systems, would have had less chance of escape than any others, during the millions of years belonging to the formative processes of our solar system. Yet those are precisely the comets and meteor systems which we chiefly need to interpret.

* *Never*, because, by the nature of its supposed indrawing, it possessed relative motion of its own before it began to be drawn in; and the sun could not take from it that relative motion. He would impart motion, and take such imparted motion away again, leaving untouched the original motion.

Suppose that, instead of making mere guesses, we consider actual facts, and open our eyes to the views suggested by them.

I take first the millions of meteors encountered by the earth each year, and the hundreds of earth-crossing meteor systems already recognized. Taking for our guide proposition (1), we are led to the conclusion that in remote ages there were hundreds, if not thousands, of comets whose tracks crossed the track of the earth, or at any rate approached very near to it. That some of these comets thus crossed the earth's track casually, that is through mere chance coincidence, we may well believe. Nay, this is known, as will presently be seen. But if *all* did, then must there have been millions of millions of comets in remote times, to account for so many chancing to cross the earth's track; with this startling circumstance to be considered in addition, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those whose paths did not cross the earth's track have entirely disappeared, while a considerable proportion of those which do cross that track (and which, therefore, have been exposed for millions of years to an extra risk of destruction) remain.

This idea we may safely reject. But if we do, then we have to account for a special earth-crossing family of comets and meteor streams, without going outside to look for the origin of such bodies; for the moment we go outside we encounter the difficulty which has just driven us from any merely casual interpretation.

In other words, we must look to the earth herself to explain the great majority of these earth-crossing systems.

In this way Meunier and Tschermak were driven to look to the earth herself for the origin of meteorites. Proposition (3) above enables us to extend their reasoning, specially directed to particular classes of aerolites, to all classes of such bodies, to all meteors, down even to the tiniest falling star, only visible perhaps in the field of a powerful telescope. Not all these bodies, but a goodly proportion, must have been generated in some specially terrene manner.

We have actually no possible way of explaining the terrestrial origin of any meteors but in volcanic outbursts. Moreover, we are obliged to set the time when such outbursts took place very far back in the past, seeing that at present the volcanic forces of the earth, even as manifested at Krakatoa recently, possess nothing like the power necessary for the

ejection of matter beyond the range of the earth's back-drawing power. Looking, however, at the immense extrusive power of the volcanoes of the tertiary era, when basaltic lava covering hundreds of thousands of square miles to a depth of from one thousand to fourteen thousand feet were poured forth, we can conceive the still mightier energies of volcanoes in the secondary era, their still more tremendous power in the primary era, and so, passing backwards to millions of years beyond the first beginnings of life on the earth, we can even picture to ourselves volcanoes ejecting matter with velocities of ten or twelve miles per second. With such velocities flights of ejected particles would pass beyond the earth's attraction, and if she were the only body in the universe, such ejected matter would travel away from her never to return.

But although such expelled bodies would never return to the earth, they would not escape from the solar system. To drive them forever away from her, the earth would have to impart a much larger velocity—an average of about twenty-six miles per second. The greater number of the expelled bodies would travel thenceforth on an orbit round the sun, crossing the earth's track at or near the place where they were first sent forth from their parent planet.

One may almost say that this origin of many meteorites and meteor systems is forced upon us by the evidence. Still it would be negatived if we found that volcanoes do not eject matter at all resembling meteorites in structure. The reverse, however, is the case. Ranging the products of volcanic ejection in order according to the amount of iron they contain, and ranging meteorites in like manner, we find the two series coinciding over the greater portion of the longer—the volcanic series. We might not indeed have known how closely the most ferruginous volcanic products resemble the iron meteorites in structure but for the accident that Nordenskjöld discovered a mass which he mistook for an iron meteorite, but which is found now to be really a volcanic ejection, akin in structure to the field of basaltic lava (at Ovivak on the shores of Greenland), in the midst of which it had fallen while the lava was still plastic to retain this missile as it fell after its flight through many miles of air.

We may, therefore, regard the terrestrial origin of many meteorites as highly probable, if not in effect demonstrated.

Here Tschermak and Meunier pause,

as also does Ball, who thus far had followed them. The last named does not even ask, in that singularly interrogative and irresponsible work "The Story of the Heavens," whether we may not go further.

For my own part I find in this result the first step in a most interesting and suggestive path of inquiry.

Regarding a large proportion of the material visitants of the earth as originally earth-born, we may conclude that in the remote time when our earth was a baby world, sunlike in condition, her path was traversed by hundreds of comets, her own progeny. These comets were followed severally by their trains of meteoric attendants. They were exposed to the action of those solar forces by which, within the last half-century, a once promising member of another comet family became dissipated until it finally lost altogether its cometic character. Millions of years ago, probably, every one of them had been thus broken up until nothing remained but the streams of meteoric bodies, travelling round the orbit which had once been that of the earth-ejected comet.

But this being the case with the earth, was the case also no doubt with every planet. Even our little moon, whose scarred face still shows signs of the volcanic energies she once possessed, played her part in giving birth to such comets as she was equal to. If she possessed less volcanic power than the earth (at the same stage of the life of each), she required less power to eject matter forever from her interior. On the other hand, the giant planets required greater power; but then they also possessed it. If Jupiter, for example, required power enough to eject bodies with a velocity of forty or fifty miles per second, yet it must be remembered that he is three hundred and ten times as massive, and therefore three hundred and ten times as strong as our earth. (For matter, "inert matter" as many choose to call it, measures in reality the strength of the orbs in space, and not only possesses power, but a power acting so swiftly across vast distances that the velocity of light is rest by comparison. Moreover, this power possessed by "inert" matter is the source of every form of energy of which we know, even of life itself.) So with the other giant planets.

Jupiter, then, and each one of his giant brethren, must during its sunlike stage have possessed the comet-ejecting power. Each giant planet must have had its comet family, at that remote time in the history

of the solar system. And the comets thus formed by the giant planets, while no doubt very numerous, must, many of them, have been far more important than those to which our earth gave birth. Those comets would have lasted much longer, before dissipation due to solar disturbances set in. Then, also, the sunlike state of the giant planets must have lasted long after the earth and all the terrestrial planets had passed that stage. For being so much larger, the giant planets must have longer lives — the stages of planetary life being in effect stages of cooling. In fact, there are clear signs that neither Jupiter nor Saturn has cooled down to the earth's condition; each is still too hot for the waters of its future seas to rest on its fiery surface. On this account also, then, we might expect to find that some comets, sprung from giant planets and forming their families, might have remained even to the present time.

Turning to the solar system, we find that this actually is the case. Nay, I myself, long before I had the least thought of attributing comets to planetary eruptive energies, had described the comets which hang about the orbits of the giant planets as "the comet families of the giant planets." Some of the members of these families are among those from which the association between meteors and comets came first to be known. For instance, the meteors of November 13-14 (*the Leonides*) are associated with a comet depending on the orbit of Uranus; and the meteors of November 27-28 are associated with a comet depending on the orbit of Jupiter — Biela's famous comet.

Of course the members of these comet families are exceedingly old. How old they are we cannot tell; but that they are very old indeed is shown by the way in which, while they are unmistakably associated with the paths of the several giant planets, their orbits yet diverge far enough from those of their respective planet parents to indicate hundreds of thousands of years of perturbing action, unless indeed in some cases we may suppose that not the slow perturbing action of bodies at a distance, but the very active influence of some orb coming very close to a comet may have shifted the comet's path. So many of their orbits pass through the widely spread zone of asteroids, that we may very well imagine occasional very close approach to one or other of these bodies, and consequently a considerable change of orbit. It was thus that Sir John Herschel for a time tried to explain

the disappearance of Biela's comet; "may it not," he said, "have got entangled in the zone of asteroids, and have had its course altered by the influence of one of these bodies?"

Encouraged by the confirmation of the expulsion theory of comets, which we have found at this our first step, may we not boldly proceed yet one step further?

The stars, like the giant planets, should have their part to play — a grander part of course — in the world of comet expulsion. They differ only from the giant planets, nay from the earth herself, in being in a different part of their orb life. It is probable, indeed, that among the stars there are orbs differing much less from Jupiter or Saturn than either of these still hot and fiery planets differs from the earth. Of course an orb like our sun, the one star we are able to examine, will require much greater energy to expel from his interior a flight of bodies, to become presently a flight of meteors or a comet, than would a planet even of the giant type. Our sun, for example, would have to impart a velocity of three hundred and eighty-two miles per second to a body ejected from his interior, that that body should pass away from his control forever. But the sun possesses the required power. His mass, and therefore his might, exceeds that of the earth more than three hundred and twenty thousand times, that even of Jupiter one thousand and forty-eight times.

We have no means of recognizing by its orbital motion a star-expelled comet or meteor flight. But we need not seek for bodies to tell us of expulsion ages on ages ago. The stars are *now* in their sunlike state. They must therefore be doing such work *now*, if there is any truth in the theory to which we have been led. Now there is one of the stars which is near enough to be asked whether it really possesses and uses such expulsive power — our own sun. His answer is unmistakable. In 1872 and at sundry times since, he has been caught in the act of ejecting bodies, probably liquid or solid, through the hydrogen atmosphere around his globe, with velocities so great that the matter thus expelled from his interior can never return to him — the velocities ranging to four hundred and fifty miles per second at the least. What he is doing now he has doubtless done for millions, nay for tens of millions, of years in the past. What he has thus done, his fellow-suns the stars, thousands (if not millions) of millions in number, have doubtless done also. Uncounted billions then of

ejected meteor flights or comets must be travelling though interstellar spaces, visiting system after system, flitting from sun to sun, in periods to be measured by millions of years.

The answer then to the question, Whence came the comets? would appear to be: —

(1) Comets which visit our system from without were expelled millions of years ago from the interior of suns.

(2) Comets which belong to our system were mostly expelled from the interior of a giant planet in the sunlike state, but a small proportion may have been captured from without.

(3) The comets of whose past existence meteor streams tell us were for the most part expelled from our earth herself when she was in the sunlike state, but some of the more important were expelled from the giant planets, and a few may have been expelled from suns.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

CHAPTER I.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning on a warm September day. The sun had not been quite energetic enough to break his path through a ceiling of fleecy clouds, but he seemed to have been trampling about upon them in such a way as to have split them into great fragments, through which there streamed a suffused and pearly radiance. In another hour he would shine forth; but for the moment the sky was simply bright, without being bright enough for figures below it to cast definite shadows. I am particular in stating the condition of the light, because the morning was one singularly unfitted to the use of the umbrella, which could not be unfurled against sun or rain without manifest affectation. And yet along the broad and quiet streets of a northern suburb of London there might be seen an umbrella being carried along, not merely unfurled, but drawn close to the person who bore it, as though the rays of the sun or the beating of the rain had been something very formidable indeed.

In the outskirts of London there habitually reigns a quiet which is very deceptive. At ten o'clock the decently paved streets, with their gardens of privet and sausage laurel, overhung with thin sycamores here and there, have a half-deserted

air, which is instantly broken by the cheerful rattle of a crowd if anything happens to occur to convene such a crowd. On the present occasion, in coming townwards down the broad Colville Road, we might have been amazed to see a motley little company, a serried throng, coming very hastily in the opposite direction, headed by the figure we have mentioned — the figure that held up the umbrella although it neither rained or shone. When the little throng had reached us, we should have had just time to perceive that this central figure was that of a tall and handsome girl, with a large quantity of yellow hair, pressed in a great disorder under a neat hat, from which it escaped in all directions. The decorum and dryness of the feather in the hat belied the condition of the hair, which seemed to be oiled in a very vulgar way; it could scarcely be wetness which gave it so streaky an appearance. The girl, whose cheeks were fiercely colored, as if with exercise and shame combined, hastened on with rapid steps, showing a brilliant row of white teeth in a kind of nervous laughter, while she pressed the umbrella down upon her shoulders. She was dressed in a rose-colored flowered sateen body, low in the neck and short in the sleeves, and her hands and arms were partly concealed by long swede gloves, of a pale fawn-color, that reached to her elbow. The space between the elbow and the sleeves was filled by two robust and well-developed arms, that seemed to kindle with the unfamiliar exposure. She tried to hide them, but succeeded only in covering her neck with a black lace crossover. The flaunting dress, which was quite dry, was singularly dirty, and to add a final touch to its grotesque effect, it had a long train, although at that time dresses were worn quite short; and the girl had evidently a great deal of trouble in holding this troublesome pink tail over her arm. But underneath this dirty piece of finery a dark skirt, evidently sopping with wet, clung about her legs in miserable folds, and gave the lower half of her body something of the appearance of a drowned rat; while her boots, as each touched the pavement in turn, gave forth a peculiar little gobble and squeak which showed them to be full of water.

The spectator's first impression of this curious figure evidently was that it was that of a person in mental derangement. How sad that so young a woman should be so afflicted; and again, how improper that so afflicted a woman should be out

without a keeper! This impression was increased by a little shrill, falsetto laugh, which she gave as she went by; and the notion was plainly shared by all the members of the group that silently accompanied her. This group consisted of two little girls in the dress of a charitable institution, with blue aprons and white poke bonnets, who kept in the first rank, having taken hands in case anything startling should occur; and of a young butcher with a basket, and a dahlia behind his ear, who grinned a somewhat foolish grin of wholesome expectation; and of a little old woman, rather tattered and savage; and of various children of no particular class or avocation, one of whom distinguished himself, and became indeed a kind of herald or chorus to the group, by beating a stick upon an empty tin can with a good deal of cheerful circumstance.

At a considerable distance behind this procession, there followed a young lady who would scarcely have been noticed had she not rather ostentatiously affected to have nothing at all to do with the person in rose-color, while at the same time keeping her eye upon her and following her at a discreet distance. She gained very little in dignity, had she only known it, by keeping thus aloof, for the spectators made up their minds that she was the individual whose duty it was to take charge of this poor lunatic, and accordingly went their way reflecting with some anger, as Englishmen are so glad to do, on the carelessness of the official commissioners in lunacy, and the untrustworthiness of the persons who are allowed to undertake the protection of these unfortunates. The procession, meanwhile, gradually increasing in numbers as it rolled on, but still advancing nothing in the way of audible comment or sympathy, continued, under the guidance of that harassing solo on the tin pot, to traverse several roads, which became more and more suburban in appearance, without ever happening to fall upon that policeman whose advent would for once have sent joy to every infant bosom. At last the little pageant came to an end. The dragged girl hastily put down her umbrella, and displaying a face that was rather white now than red, but which was laughing still, she darted into a garden which was partly concealed from outsiders by a thick wire fencing. She let her pink tail drop, and fled up a steep pair of stone steps into the house like some gigantic species of gaudy lizard escaping into a cavern. The crowd now babbled freely in specula-

tion, but no one ventured to follow her, and after watching the house for a long while, and failing to find any key to the puzzle in its three decent stories of stuccoed front, or in its wasted garden, or through its somewhat bald and staring windows, they dispersed with a renewed sense of the flatness of life.

The girl herself, who — although we have seen her walking through London at ten o'clock in the morning, in rose-colored sateen, cut low at the neck — was anything but a lunatic, rushed in at the door, which was at that moment providentially opened by the cook, and, without a word, darted into the dining-room. It was a comfortable, tastelessly furnished room of the old mahogany and gilt school, and in it, although the weather was still warm out of doors, a bright fire was burning. At the appearance of the girl in the doorway, two other girls and an elderly woman turned in their chairs.

"Really, Jane!" was all the elderly lady said, on the first blush of apparition. "I wish you would just go up-stairs and fetch me my spectacle-case from the dressing-room table. Really, charades at this time of day!"

"Oh, she's to be Queen of the May, mother," said the youngest of the girls; but the second, who was between the sisters in age, a brunette with sallow, angular features, sprang to her feet, and cried, "She's dripping with wet! Mother! Sally! It is not nonsense at all — something has happened."

It was some time before the family could realize, or Jane Baxter could clearly explain what had happened. She laughed in hysterical enjoyment of the scene, and she told them about the procession before she let them know what caused it. Dripping as she was, she was placed in the largest armchair, and her sisters toiled and tugged at her cold and shrunken boots.

"It was down by the canal, you know, on the towing-path. It is a short cut that way. There wasn't a soul about except Martha Townley and me, and a little boy fishing. We looked into his hat, and he had caught three sticklebacks, and we had not gone on ten paces before we heard a great splash. I hope you allow that there is some use in learning to swim with one's clothes on now, Sally? Well! And he did not give a cry or anything, but just splashed."

"Well, did you jump in at once?"

"No. I held out the handle of Martha's umbrella to him, and Martha seized me round the waist, and we tried to reach

him. And Martha screamed, I will always say that for her, that at the hour of need she screamed. But still we could not reach him, and so I had just to jump in."

"And did you find you could swim in your hat and skirt?"

"Oh! well, of course I took off my hat first, and the skirt was no worse than the dress at the baths. But what was awkward was, that when I had landed him, I could not climb up myself. You know there is such a high parapet, and the water is so low that I thought I should stick in the mud all day."

"But where was Martha?"

"Martha had very properly run for assistance, and although she ran the wrong way, all up that little passage that leads to a dead wall, opposite the island with the four trees, still fortunately she had screamed, and a gentleman on the bridge came running down and held me with both his hands; I gave a great jump, and there I was."

"And the boy?"

"Oh! the boy had run away; he was none the worse."

"Didn't he thank you?"

"No! he didn't seem to happen to think of that. I am glad he didn't make a fuss. Of course the gentleman said all the silly things men say, of what a risk it was for a lady, and what extraordinary courage I had. I am afraid I treated him very badly, for I sent him to fetch a cab. And he was gone so long, and I began to get so cold, that Martha began to fidget, and suddenly I thought of Mrs. Pomfret."

"What Mrs. Pomfret?"

"Why, the new Scripture-reader's wife. She lives in that queer little cottage in the middle of the canal, under the bridge. They take care of the nursery garden at night. Of course she was full of advice, and wouldn't let me try to dry myself there, as I was all soaked with wet. So I asked her if she could lend me a dress, and the only one she could find was this. Look at it!"

"How strange for a serious woman like Mrs. Pomfret to have a pink sateen dress cut in that worldly shape!"

"Well, perhaps she had it before she was converted. It's dreadfully dirty. Perhaps somebody gave it to her where she went out charring."

"I can't think, Jane, how you could put on somebody else's gown like that, and a poor woman's too."

"Well, beggars cannot be choosers; as

it was, I thought I should never have got home. I had this pair of long gloves in my pocket, but they would not quite meet the sleeves, so I seized Martha's umbrella, and rushed home with it as fast as I could, but I don't know what people must have thought of me."

The family took the incident in very good part. Jane Baxter was as healthy a young woman of twenty as we meet upon most summer days, and it occurred to no one to be frightened. She went on talking and laughing in a rather distracted way, while her mother fetched from the medicine cupboard a diminutive bottle, originally designed for hair-oil and now dedicated to brandy, while her sister Susan fetched a hot-water bottle, and filling it from the kettle, rushed up to warm her bed. Sally meantime smacked the soles of her feet with a sisterly vehemence.

"You see that Martha has not come into the house. I suppose she could not bring herself to face the butcher boy and the tin pot. Observe that when she does come she will excuse herself by saying that I walked too fast. Of course she was really ashamed of me. It would be rather a good way of testing one's friends to see how many of them would walk down Colville Road with one, if one were dressed in pink saten and a sopping skirt. I hope the brandy and water is very weak."

"There! gulp it down, child, and be off to bed. You are beginning to look rather white."

As Jane rose there came a ring at the bell. "There's the guilty Martha at last," she said; broke into a shriek of laughter, melted into a storm of tears, and so the heroine of the morning was conducted very ignominiously to bed.

CHAPTER II.

THE young man who pulled Miss Jane Baxter out of her dilemma was Mr. Frank Capulett, of her Majesty's Office of Agriculture. The bridge over the canal, from which he had the good fortune to see the girl's act of heroism, lay far indeed out of his usual beat. But at this time of the year Mr. Capulett had no usual beat, for his people were still away on the Continent, and he made it a habit to spend the early hours of the morning, before his work began, in exploring the outskirts of London. At dinner the night before he had heard a well-known author describe the bridge from which Byron bade his publisher observe the spot where another publisher had drowned himself. The au-

thor had gone on to say that the view from this bridge reminded him of Venice, and Capulett had come to judge for himself. He was persuaded that he had found the right bridge because, though the view did not remind him of Venice at all, there was a certain Italian grace about it which was unmistakable. The canal divided into two parts just above the bridge, and the parapet of the course of each division swept out of sight with bold divergent curves, broken at the point of disappearance by two other bridges. A long island, paved with irises and stunted grass, and carrying four great elm-trees, made a picturesque point in the centre of the picture; and behind the island rose a villa, certainly built in the Italian style, which gave the key-note to the prospect. Over it all lay the pale, mouse-colored mist that in a London autumn follows the milky vapor of summer and precedes the dark yellow fog of winter, so thin, however, and dainty as not to hide the fretted outline of the chimneys and churches of Haverstock Hill, though those bolder uplands, Hampstead and Highgate, were entirely out of sight.

He stood on the bridge and leaned over. He had just discovered that a little black object in the dim water was a dead mouse, and a larger green object far away was a cabbage-leaf, when the girls appeared below him on the tow-path. But his attention was immediately diverted from them to a low barge, extravagantly colored, after the wont of English canal-barges, in scarlet and indigo blue, which the mist divested of all crudity of tone, and left picturesquely barbaric. This strange form had glided noiselessly down upon him, and had passed in silence under the bridge, where, having explored the grey water without finding anything to observe, he suddenly heard the scream, and raising his eyes saw Jane Baxter skilfully striking out for shore. He did not give himself a moment to reflect, but rushed down the flight of steps and along the towing-path, just in time to seize Jane's cold, firm hands in his own, and feel her jump at him and cover him with drops like an emerging spaniel. We have heard already that she sent him for a cab. He did not know the neighborhood, and wandered wildly for several minutes, till, by accident, in a little back street, he found a whole rank of sleepy hansoms. When he got back to the bridge she was gone; but while he was looking about him disconsolately, a child told him that the lady had gone into Mrs. Pomfret's, and

so he descended the steps again, and knocked at the trellised portal.

Mrs. Pomfret was troubled with no reticence whatever, and, indeed, was too much elated with pride at the prowess of "the darling" to consider whether this curly-headed youth with brown and sparkling eyes was her proper confidant or no. He learned from her all that he wished to know about Miss Jane Baxter, and more than his present curiosity cared about. They lived at No. 1, Constantine Villas, Acton Road; and as to Acton Road, you called it Maida Vale if you wished to be genteel, but Kilburn came more handy to old residents. Dr. Baxter, the father, was a Baptist minister from Somersetshire; he had the care of a chapel in Colville Road, and it was thought that great shrewdness had been shown in bringing up so effective a preacher from the country to a large town congregation. Still Mrs. Pomfret admitted, with the air of a woman on her oath, that he had not been so much blessed in Colville Road as he had been in Bridgewater, but that might be because Kilburn was so case-hardened.

There were three young ladies and two young gentlemen, and they all lived at home. Dr. Baxter was supposed to have means of his own, for else he could not live at Constantine Villas, his income from the chapel being small. But the two young gentlemen had been to college, and she heard they went out by the day to teach. She had further heard that they did it in a coach, but she did not know what could be meant by that. At all events, Mrs. Baxter was quite the lady, and so were the young ladies, oh, perfect ladies, bless their hearts! And anything bolder than jumping into the water after that child she never heard; and why she did not stir out of her house when she heard the splash was purely and solely because she thought it was one of them suicides. So that Frank Capulett received in an amazingly short space of time a very succinct and on the whole very correct impression of the social position of his new friend.

He did not attempt to call upon her then. In truth, the idea of doing so did not occur to him. He turned to walk towards his office, stepping more uprightly than usual and with a quicker pulse merely because an incident had happened. He felt curiously exhilarated at having assisted at an act of personal courage, at the saving of life, and as he thought about it he unconsciously exaggerated the part that he himself had had in it. If he had not been there — he did not continue the

sentence, but the allusion was grateful to his senses. It was perhaps the first time in four and twenty years of guarded and tended life that he had actually done anything very spontaneous in the way of coming to the aid of humanity. He wandered down the polite desolation of Westbourne Terrace, and as the sunlight forced its way through the now wholly shattered fabric of clouds, and flicked the monotonous white balustrade through the veil of plane leaves, and still more when the trees of Hyde Park began to form a green haze at the end of the vista, his spirit rose continuously, until in the park itself he gave himself up to so dreamy an ecstasy that he was as nearly as possible run down by some rascally dragoons who were practising there, and who would have hailed the notion of doing mischief under the guise of martial duty.

Everybody knows that the Office of Agriculture is one of the mainstays of the complex English administration. But not every one knows where it is, even among Londoners born and bred. The cabman may or may not know it, but the odds are that without direction he will scarcely find Wycherley Passage. The passage is a thin vein running obscurely out of that noble artery, Whitehall, and you may wander up and down from the Nelson Column to the Houses of Parliament and never happen to notice the slender court that leads to the great Office of Agriculture.

It is a narrow roadway, between steep brick houses, too narrow for vehicles to pass one another in it, and a great deal of shouting and backing has to be got through before a question of coachman's precedence is settled. It bends gently, so that from the head of the court nothing can be seen of Whitehall, the ghostly roar of which sounds there like the voice of the ocean far away. But if Wycherley Passage itself is narrow it opens at its blind end into a handsome quadrangle, large enough to allow the minister's neat little broughman to dash round to the doorway in considerable style. As a rule, however, it is the minister alone who indulges in this display, the cabs and carriages of humbler folk usually depositing their burdens, if the weather is anything decent, at the entrance of the passage.

Outside, Whitehall is roaring like a wintry sea to an ordinary observer; to a friendless stranger from Tangiers or Tobolsk, the crowd here means no more than it means in Cheapside or Cornhill. But the carven trireme on the arcaded screen

of the Admiralty looks down on a wholly distinct class of crowd from any that pushes and tramples in the city. The greed of personal gain is not prominent here, there are few faces drawn with the agonies, or swollen with the joys of speculation. The crowd in Whitehall is official, discreet, and impersonal. Here is the secretary, revolving Parliamentary measures which will ring through the country from end to end, but without the echo of his name; here is the clerk, with his head full of dogs, or music, or lawn-tennis—a little degenerated already with the regular security of an unambitious official life; here is the meticulous office messenger, as confidential as a butler, carrying a large blue envelope from the Foreign Office to the War Office. And the color in the street responds to its easy, reputable character. The white fragments of older palatial streets or buildings mingle with softer tones of yellow brick, and on the broad white pavements the constant going and coming, crossing and passing, of figures in black is broken by the vivid uniforms of the soldiers, and particularly by those of the recruiting sergeants, whose faces soon become as familiar to the habitual frequenters of the street as those of the offices themselves. Haunting the War Office and strutting across the line of the stately living statues that fill with equestrian scarlet the arches of the Horse Guards, the recruiting sergeants alone of the British army seem to belie its perennial youth, and growing grosser year by year in tight costumes of blue and yellow and crimson that were designed for slimmer men, seem, as they hook their arms into those of thin young country laborers, like some terrible species of fat and gorgeous spider, irresistible in its astute amiability.

But silence reigns a few paces off under the quadrangle shadow of the Office of Agriculture. Here the going and coming of clerks and messengers is hardly noticeable by contrast with the noise of wagons and cabs in the street outside. The office itself is a conglomeration of old private houses. Part of the palace of an earl, with faded paintings by Verrio, forms the central façade, and humbler buildings have been drawn or adapted into the wings. It is full of winding passages, blind walls, and stealthy descents that descend to nothing. The dingy dignity of its brick exterior belies the carelessness with which a succession of generations has patched it together inside to satisfy the instant convenience of each, and so

unfit is it to fulfil the purpose of a great department that it has long been officially doomed to disappear. In ten years its winding staircases and quaint turrets and vast rooms with painted ceilings will be things of the past. Wycherley Passage itself will probably cease to be. In the mean time there lingers a sort of pathos over a patched-up piece of old London that totters so aristocratically towards its inevitable grave. Nor is it at all certain that the grand new Office of Agriculture, which some Royal Academician will soon begin to raise in Queen Anne magnificence over the riot of Whitehall, will for a great many years contrive to collect around itself the romance which attaches to the old dirty structure that lurks at the blind end of Wycherley Passage.

The room in which Capulett worked lay on the opposite side of the buildings, and its two windows looked over a little public court, with a turnstile and a path between old law offices on the one side, and a great deserted garden on the other. It was a large, bare room, with a carved marble fireplace, which had once been white, but which was now yellow everywhere, and stained with gum, and ink, and wine, and sealing-wax. For ornament the walls bore an official chart, on rollers, with chromolithographs of roots—carrots, parsnips, swedes, potatoes—in their apotheosis; these were facetiously supposed to be a series of portraits of heads of departments. Opposite to it hung a very antiquated map of the United States, which had evidently served before now as a target for pens. The furniture principally consisted of one enormous bureau, which almost divided the room into two parts, provided in front with the conveniences needful for Mr. Leyoncrona, the principal clerk, and fitted with green baize behind to keep out the draughts. This stood close to the fireplace, and behind it, at the further window, Capulett sat on a high stool before a sloping desk of an old-fashioned construction. At Mr. Leyoncrona's back stood a handsome mahogany bookcase, which was seldom opened, but which revealed, when the owner's keys depended from the lock, rows of official publications richly bound, the pale saffron-yellow backs of four or five French novels, a bottle of whiskey, sparingly used as a hospitable cordial for the department, a box of eau-de-Cologne, and a few other essentials of the official life.

Frank was late, as Mr. Leyoncrona mentioned, more in sadness than in bitterness, but little other notice was taken

of his arrival. Two other clerks were standing on the hearthrug in discussion of a knotty point.

"Now I suppose you fellows remember that to-night is the night of the Artillery concert?" had asked a man about twenty-nine, whose name was Sennett.

"Oh! of course; I gave up the Thompson's dance on purpose. Won't it be rather crowded?" said a thin man called Piper, who now sat down.

"Well, it is a bad time of the year. But now, look here, what are you fellows going to put on?" said Sennett.

"Just as we are, I should think," answered Piper, elegantly poising himself with his feet against the edge of the mantelshelf.

"Well, you know, the officers will all come in uniform from their mess, I should think. What does the Lion say?"

The royal animal referred to, the nickname being that of Mr. Leyoncrona, turned in his armchair, where he had been reading the paper, and answered sympathetically, —

"On the whole, I think evening dress. It's always safe, you know."

"Yes," said Sennett with his hands under the tails of his coat, "it's always safe. It will be rather a scratch performance, I'm afraid; I don't like the notion of a comediatta."

"Will there be smoking?" asked Piper, but Sennett, without answering, suddenly addressed Capulett with, —

"Oh, by the by, youngster, I've got you a ticket. Why, what's the matter with you? I thought you'd have skipped head over heels with joy."

"Well, the fact is," said Capulett, "that I've had an adventure."

The little story, which he did not fail to embellish in some of its particulars, found a really interested audience, and all the circumstances were being threshed out with unusual animation, when the door was thrown open, and a messenger appeared.

"If you please, Mr. Leyoncrona, the minister of Uruguay has called to ask if you could kindly supply him with some facts about the growth of tomatoes."

"Now skeddaddle, you fellows, and be off to your place, youngster. Show the minister in at once," said Leyoncrona, relapsing instantly into the excellent clerk that he was.

But it was useless for Capulett to try to settle to work that morning. He gazed through the clouded window into the desolation of what had once been the garden

of a Cabinet minister, running in a series of terraces to the Thames. Two little mudlarks, who had evaded the police, were scuttling in and out of a great skeleton of a wherry, which stood high and dry in what had formerly been a green arcade. Everywhere, between him and the papers, between him and the lawyers' clerks hurrying by with their black bags, between him and the girders of Charing Cross railway bridge, and the phantom of the dome of St. Paul's beyond, there came those handsome ruddy cheeks, those bold pure eyes, that shapely form emergent; and still in the palms of both his hands he felt thrillingly the violent pressure of those cold, girlish hands. And all day long it was so, and all day long her sharp voice and laughter broke in among the insipid sentences of official English, and disturbed his fancy between "*My Lord, — I am instructed by their Lordships to express their surprise*" and "*My Lord, — Their Lordships are unable to conceive.*"

At last quite late in the afternoon, he could bear the mental irritation no longer, nor any longer endure to see the green baize curtain lightly rise and fall as Leyoncrona's foot fidgeted it. So from his distant stool he suddenly called out, "I say, Lion, do you mind if I go now?"

"Go now?" said that good-natured creature. "What? take half an hour of your annual leave? Remember you were late this morning."

"Well," said the younger man, coming forward to the fire, "don't you think I ought to call and see how that girl is getting on. Might have caught a chill, don't you know?"

"And you feel a little responsible for it, I suppose. I do think you ought just to go and inquire; so be off with you, and tell us to-morrow whether she is as pretty when she is dry as when she is dripping."

"I never said she was pretty."

"Oh! did you not? I somehow thought you did. I suppose you only looked it. Be off with you." Capulett delicately pulled his infant moustache, and loitered now that he had leave to go. But at last he went, and found his way before it was quite dark to the remote north-western districts of what is genteelly known as Maida Vale. That he knew how to direct the cabman may or may not be due to the fact that, instead of solacing himself at his lunch that day with *Punch* or the *Times*, he had been diligently studying a large map of London.

When he arrived at 1, Constantine Villas, he was told that Miss Jane had taken

a slight chill, and was still in bed, but that Mrs. Baxter would be happy to see him. It was evident, he thought, that they expected the deliverer to call. It proved, however, that the maid had misunderstood the message given to her, which did not refer to Mr. Capulett. The ladies were more than polite, however, they were cordial, the result partly of good-nature, and partly of a consciousness that they could not press him to stay, since it was the night of the missionary meeting, and since their tea was ready. They asked him, however, to call again, and he said he would to make sure that Miss Jane was none the worse, although they assured him that her chill was of no consequence. And so the two young people slipped into an acquaintance that was not a little momentous to them both.

CHAPTER III.

SEPTEMBER passed, the first weeks of October came, and the Capulett still loitered on at their German Kur. Frank found the large Kensington house, in which his meals were served to him in lonely splendor, excessively dull. As the junior man at the office, he had been obliged to take what holidays the convenience of his elders left him, and these were not at the months that a fashionable taste selects. In the absence of the world he lived in, he was thrown upon his new resources, and his acquaintance with the people at Constantine Villas, which would under ordinary circumstances have languished and been dropped, increased with marvellous rapidity. The fine appearance of Jane, and his romantic introduction to her, formed the basis of the attraction; but it cannot be said that anything displeased him in the Nonconformist household. There was a hearty vivacity, a slightly boisterous cordiality, which struck a wholesome note in the nature of a lad whose father was an exquisite, his mother an invalid in an odor of musk, and his sisters cold and stylish fine ladies. These Dissenters were full of freshness and high spirits; they neither encouraged nor repelled his visits, but allowed him to glide into their life without doubt or inquiry. The dove had perhaps a little more of the serpent than he thought; for the brothers, whom he saw but little of at first, took his measure more carefully than he supposed. They were older men than he, and much older than their sisters, who were the daughters of a second wife. The eldest, who left upon Frank's mind only the memory of a broad-shouldered fellow of

about twenty-eight, in flannels and a tennis shirt, seen casually in the garden of Constantine Villas, had taken pains to ascertain Frank's social situation and antecedents, and tolerated his presence with authority.

He had positively formed no definite plan of any kind, or even stated to himself any particular attachment to Jane Baxter when the last Sunday in October came. It was the last Sunday that he would spend before his people came back, and he vaguely perceived that this pleasant little interlude of social evenings, and tennis parties, and afternoon teas, would not survive the return of his worldly and exacting sisters. It was already ten o'clock when he formed the sudden resolution to go to the Baptist Chapel at Kilburn instead of forming part of the sleepy congregation at his own family church. He walked briskly, and just contrived to reach Colville Road in time to be early. His first surprise was the chapel itself, which he had vaguely supposed to be a dismal conventicle, like a barn, and which proved to be one of the latest triumphs of Dissenters' Gothic; and he was still more startled with the interior, which reminded him of a large and well-appointed concert-hall. None but a Londoner born and bred could have been so totally ignorant as he of all the forms of modern Nonconformity, and his impressions were taken from novels of the last generation. He was shown up to the further end of the chapel by a courteous attendant, who would not hear of his being less prominently placed, and he saw that the eyes of the younger part of the congregation detected him at once as an unfamiliar figure.

He was seated at right angles to the main body of the worshippers, and close under a species of railed tribune which excited his wonderment. Over this there hung a sort of little gallery, in which he expected to see the minister appear. But the latter presently entered the tribune, and sat down in an easy-chair, while Frank, suddenly congratulating himself on his commanding position, proceeded to rake the congregation for a familiar face. But he could not find one, and Dr. Baxter himself was not the minister of the day. At this point the anthem was given out, and Frank rose with the congregation to sing. The opening of the singing was a fresh phenomenon to his surprise, and he then first observed that the little gallery above the tribune was now filled with a choir, chiefly of girls, who directed the vocal service. But still

he could see Jane nowhere, and a feeling of extreme lassitude and disappointment came over him. The congregation sat down to read, and rose again to sing. He found himself suddenly overwhelmed by his isolation in a crowd of persons, all of them entirely out of sympathy with him, and a servant-girl who stood beside him petulantly incommoded him with her elbow, plainly because his presence prevented her sweetheart, who stood in front, from sharing her hymn-book with her in comfort. Frank looked round once more for Jane Baxter, with a sudden intolerable yearning for sympathy, for company, but still in vain. The chant closed, and the congregation sat down again. He opened a book and pretended to follow what was read, but his heart beat hysterically and he felt almost as if he should faint. A woman in front of him took her handkerchief out of her pocket, and he was washed in an enervating wave of patchouli. He found himself in such a condition of nervous irritability that if it had been possible he would have left the chapel with precipitation.

Suddenly the congregation rose to sing a short hymn, and he rose with it. As the last line was being chanted he cast his eyes in despair around the whole mass of crowded heads, and last of all glanced up into the choir. There, in the further row, with her eyes fixed full upon him, he saw Jane Baxter, who had evidently been watching him; and when their glances met, her whole rosy countenance broke into a frank and maidenly smile of greeting, full of pretty pleasure in the surprise. The congregation sank again, and settled for the sermon, and she was entirely concealed from him once more. But the revulsion of feeling was violent. The whole chapel, a moment ago so inimical to him, became genial and welcome. The preacher, whose *bombé* forehead and formal mouth had annoyed him with the likeness of a skull, seemed now to be a highly intelligent and earnest man, whose discourse he should presently listen to. Not at once, however, for Frank had first of all to discourse to himself. His heart, his brain, his ringing pulses went out in gratitude to Jane for her smile, and for the first time he said to himself that this bright and wholesome girl would make him a good wife. A hundred arguments supplied themselves from the stores of his inexperience to prove that it would be an admirable step to take, to engage himself at once, without delay, and to this particular girl. The heat of the chapel,

his agitation, the fading smell of the patchouli, seemed to combine to intoxicate him, and to surcharge his will with a kind of fever. He chafed at the length of the sermon, which delayed him in his project. Suddenly, in one of the upper galleries, a child which had been carelessly allowed to play on one of the forms, fell with a crash and a heartrending yell of terror more than pain. Frank felt his heart stop beating. The minister continued his discourse with scarcely a pause, but Frank found his courage absolutely gone. He seemed to have no more desire, or hope, or will; but his fancy began, as it were in a new place, to build up passive scenes, in each of which Jane moved beside him as his wife. The benediction snapped this chain of *tableaux*, and brought him face to face with reality. He glanced at the rising figures of the choir, and saw Jane smile at him again, the same pure, frank, uncoquettish smile of free-and-easy maidenhood. He pushed out through the sombre crowd, accompanied by an odor of peppermint, and waited in the sweet fresh wind at the outer gate of the chapel.

When she appeared at last among the emergent mass of dingly dressed people, he was bitterly disappointed to see that Martha Townley was at her side, and annoyed at a visible nudging of the one and crimsoning of the other, as though he had been the object of their conversation. In the dense throng, however, that but slowly expanded and dispersed, Jane recovered her decorum, if she had ever lost it, and greeted him with a neat gloved hand frankly outstretched. He loitered to see whether Martha would say good-bye, and the girls to see whether he would not leave them, so that he had to ask whether he might walk with them part of their way. This by no means pleased Martha, who set her jaw like a vice, and showed the plainest intention of guarding Jane as a dragon. Jane, walking between them with unconscious sweetness, tried in vain to draw them into conversation, and wondered that two such chatty individuals should have become so strangely reserved. Providence, however, suddenly intervened in the shape of a noisy family of cousins of Martha's, who swooped down upon them at the corner of the street, and insisted on taking Martha home with them to dinner. It was now Frank's opportunity, and he seized it by courteously assuring them that he would have the greatest pleasure in seeing Miss Baxter home. Jane expostulated against there being any

need to see her home at all, she went everywhere by herself, she said; but the end of it was that Martha, still extremely suspicious and unwilling, was dragged away by her cousins, and the field as far as Constantine Villas was left open to Frank Capulett.

The conversation of the young couple was much broken by the throng of returning church and chapel goers which glutted the streets, and constantly interrupted them. But this confusion, and the sense of privacy within publicity, encouraged them to be at their ease.

"I have been wanting to thank you," she said, "for being so very kind about the Humane Society, but I wish you wouldn't."

"Of course they must give you a medal. All the fellows at the office say that it was the bravest thing they ever heard of. And Mr. Leyoncrona, who is rather influential, you know, has written a letter himself about it."

"How very kind of him! People make so much of any little thing one does, and of course one learns to swim on purpose to be useful if one had the chance. What a curious name, that is, Lion——"

"Leyoncrona. Yes, his grandfather was a Swedish general, but he is quite English. He is such a nice fellow. I think you would like him."

To this no answer, but a fresh question. "How did you amuse yourself at the chapel to-day?"

"Amuse myself? Well, I suppose one doesn't exactly go to a place of worship for amusement."

"Oh! I didn't mean 'amuse' in that sense," she answered quickly, blushing again; "but you know we think that people ought to be bright and happy and all that, at all events converted people should."

"I thought the Dissenters were always moaning and groaning. I was quite surprised to find the service so — so amusing."

At this moment they were torn asunder by a phalanx of ladies coming from the opposite direction, and when they met her face was eager with inquiry.

"Were you really never in a chapel before?"

"No, I think not," he said; "does that seem very odd to you?"

"Yes, for we *have* been in a church. When we were at Salterby last summer there was no chapel, and we went to church four Sundays running. Do you worship with the Puseyites?" she asked.

"Well, I don't think there are exactly any Puseyites now. We *are* rather high."

"Do your sisters do much evangelical work?" she inquired again. "I hope you don't think it rude of me to ask you so many questions. You see we know so much more about you than about your people." When she said this she became conscious of want of tact, and bit her lip with vexation. Fortunately she had to leave Frank to steer round two elderly gentlemen and a child, and this restored her with a great sense of relief. When they met again she glanced very shyly at him, but took courage at seeing his face beaming with gratification.

"I don't think I quite understand what you mean. I suppose different sects give different names to the same things. But they are not interested in the poor, and in meetings, and in those sorts of things, as you all are. It is something quite new to me, and it seems to me that you all live much more useful lives than the people I have been accustomed to meet."

After this there was a perilous crossing, over which he conducted her with need-less care, since, as she said, no one took her over the streets when she went to distribute tracts in the slums. Then she proceeded, in answer to his ardent and sympathetic inquiries, to dilate very modestly on the work she did for the poor, which was not very much in itself, and which she made as little of as she could. To him, however, it assumed heroic proportions, but his admiration throughout was not of the work, but of her, and he smiled with confident self-gratulation to think that he was coming to take her away out of it all. And then she repeated her question about his sisters, and he was glad to talk to her of his home, of his sisters and their elegant ways, of his mother, and even of his father, who had been a very successful dramatist in his youth, the author of certain melodramas that still brought in a fortune.

"But I suppose you think the theatre very wicked," he said, smiling down on her from his warm brown eyes.

"Well, we do hold it to be inconsistent," she replied, with the candor that was her charm. "But a great change has come over the body of late; and even mother takes us once or twice to the German Reeds' entertainment every winter."

"Do you ever go to the Grecian," he asked, "because they are playing one of papa's pieces there now?"

"Oh, no! you do not quite understand.

None of us have ever been into a real theatre in our lives."

"That does seem so funny, because even the Ritualists, who are so particular, do not discourage the theatre when it is respectable."

"Well, I know my brother Jack has never been, and he says that it is very absurd of us to think that we may go to the German Reeds', which is exactly the same in everything but name. But he is quite an old Puritan, and of course he must be wrong because they say distinctly there that it is only an entertainment."

"The difficulty is in knowing what an entertainment is. Some people might call your Sunday morning service at the chapel an entertainment, and think it was not solemn enough, might they not?"

"That is just what some of the old school of Dissenters do say. My grandfather thinks Mr. Baggs's references to Tennyson and Strauss quite profane."

"Do you think you shall always remain among the Baptists?" he asked, shaking his curls at her with great intensity of expression, for the precious minutes were slipping by, and his intention was plain before him.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," she answered, and glanced up at him, intending to ask him why he asked, but meeting something strange in his look, was troubled and forbore to speak.

They were within sight now of her house, vague in the misty whiteness some hundred yards away.

"You are so good and honest," he said with impassioned rapidity of utterance; "it seems to me as if I had never known anybody who was really good before, and I feel that I could live such a different life if I had somebody like you to help me. Would you let me take a class in your Sunday-school and help you with the poor? Of course I could not do much unless you taught me first. But I could learn anything from you. You might be my good angel, if you would. I have never seen anybody like you in my life. Don't be angry with me for being so sudden. When one is quite sure of a thing, there is no use in putting it off, is there? Tell me that you will." He pleaded in such loud tones that he was startled at his own sound in the silence that followed.

"Tell you what?" she said at last, in a tremulous and almost inaudible voice, totally in contrast with her habitual confidence of speech.

"That you love me!—that you will let me love you!—that you will be my wife!"

She said nothing at all, but quickened her steps, and in a moment they were at the gate of her father's house. She fumbled for the latch and he opened it for her. But although she did not speak, she glanced up to thank him, and smiled a watery smile at him through blinding tears. And then he found himself alone outside, a prey to the most distracting sentiments of hope and fear.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT ten days after this walk from the chapel, the reunited family of the Capulets were in their house at Kensington at dusk. On a sofa in the larger of two sitting-rooms, which opened into one another, the elder Mr. Capulett was stretched in a deep sleep, with a ghostly cambric handkerchief thrown across his face. In an armchair, drawn up close to the fire, which threw red reflections on the crystals of her spectacles, Lady Priscilla sat wrapped in a lamb's-wool shawl in a brown study. In the further room, by the light of two wax candles, that threw but small illumination around them, Miss Edith Capulett sat between her piano and her harp, reading music from the former and translating it on the latter. The only other occupant of the rooms was her younger sister Adelaide, who marched softly up and down the outer room in the darkness. To these the footman entered with a silvery clatter of tea things, and was preparing to light the lamp, when Adelaide dismissed him. She went to the window and gazed out for five minutes at the yellow and dismal shadows that filled the garden, the black creepers swinging in the wind, the dripping skeletons of the trees, the squalor of the family cat. She then drew down the blinds, and Edith's twinkling stars at a distance were the only vestiges of light remaining, except the glow of the coal.

Adelaide still fidgeted about, as if it were impossible for her to be still, and at last walked into the further room.

"Will it be long before you have finished? Tea is ready."

Edith started.

"I had no idea you were there, Adelaide. I must really excuse myself for this improper proceeding. The fact is my own chimney smokes, and as mother rather likes to hear me practice, and as papa does not count, I brought the harp down here; I had no idea you were in-

doors. Just let me try this passage over once more, dear, if you don't mind? We have a rehearsal this evening, and I have not even looked at it."

She went through the passage, extinguished her candles, and joined the rest. Adelaide made up the fire. Mr. Capulett still breathed with a heavy regularity. Edith settled herself in an armchair, and leaned over the back of it, her sleeves still rolled up so as to show the plump white arms on which she balanced her delicate face. Adelaide gave her mother and sister their tea and then threw herself on the sofa close to them both, and the three women conversed in a whisper.

"Are you feeling pretty well, mother, this evening? Can you bear a shock, a kind of moral torpedo battery?" said Adelaide in a rather agitated voice.

"Yes, I think so, if you won't make me guess what it is. Nothing unnerves me so much as a conundrum."

"I guess at once," said Edith; "Frank has gone and married a ballet-girl while we have been away."

"No, it is not so bad as that, although it is rather bad. I will put you out of your misery at once. Frank has engaged himself to be married."

"I knew it," said Edith, with her eyes cast up in imprecation. "I felt that something of the kind was sure to happen."

"But you are joking, are you not, my child?" said Lady Priscilla.

"No, I speak the words of bitter earnest. And you need not ask me how I know, for I will tell you at once — he told me. He took me aside about an hour ago, and privately indulged me with this public confidence. At this moment he is in his bedroom, suffused with blushes at the thought that I am divulging it to you."

"Why did he not tell us at once?"

"Because he was afraid to do so. Because all men are cowards, and Frank particularly so."

"I won't have my darling boy run down like that. It is not pretty of you, Adelaide, after he has confided in you."

"Oh, I don't mean to be unkind, mother, but I am thoroughly vexed and disappointed. What is the good of our training that boy, and making a gentleman of him, if he goes and marries a Dissenter?"

"A Dissenter?" whispered Lady Priscilla, with an expression of agony.

"You had better tell us the whole story, Adelaide, without sparing us any of the disgraceful details," said Edith from the hollow of her waxen hands.

"Well, it appears that less than two months ago — I suppose during our first or second week at Kissingen — Frank saved a young girl from drowning in the Paddington canal —"

"What an extraordinary thing that he should never have mentioned it in his letters!" said the mother.

"And took her home to her people, who, of course, made much of him, and got him to come and ask after her. Evidently they laid a trap for him, and caught him easily, though Frank will not hear of this. He says that they are very good people, and I dare say they are respectable in their walk of life. Of course they want to marry their daughter."

"But I don't understand," said Edith; "what was her attraction?"

"Oh, her appearance, no doubt; Frank says she is excessively beautiful, so we may take it for granted that she is fresh and pretty."

"I must write at once to the bishop about it," said Lady Priscilla. "Do you think that Frank is at all deeply involved yet?"

"He says he is betrothed to her, and that neither gods nor men shall ever divide them. He seems very enthusiastic. He proposed to her after going to their conventicle last Sunday week, after the morning service."

"Just when we were enjoying a perfume of skulls in the Church of St. Ursula," exclaimed Edith. "Only reflect, that if we had not gone to Kreuznach the week before that we should have been home in time to stop this *mésalliance*."

"She does not appear to have accepted him then and there, as I should have expected her to do. She left him in wretched doubt and despair, he says. His expressions are too poetical now to inspire respect. But he seems to have been pursuing her since, and she accepted him a week ago to-day — on the morning of the day that we came back."

"It seems rather an absurd thing to ask, but do you happen to know whether she has money?" asked Lady Priscilla. "It makes no difference in my decision. I shall in any case refuse to sanction the affair in any way."

"From what Frank says I should imagine not a penny. They live in a very quiet way. He says they work a great deal among the poor, and that his young lady visits the slums as assiduously as if she were a charity commissioner, which is, of course, extremely praiseworthy of her, as she can hardly know that it is now

the fashionable thing to do. But evidently they are quite poor."

"What distresses me most is, that Frank, who has been brought up so carefully to respect the establishment, and with the principles that I have always inculcated about sectarianism, should have thought, even for a moment, of forming an attachment to a Dissenter. The bishop will be terribly grieved," sighed the mother.

"I suppose papa will have to be told," said Adelaide.

"At what moment of the day do you think we should have the best chance of arresting his volatile attention?" asked Edith.

"I should think that this was as good an opportunity as any other. I know very well that he will not do anything in the matter, and that is why I must write to-night to the bishop. But still I think your papa ought to know. So I will now just go up to Frank's room and have a little chat with him, and when your papa wakes up you may try to interest him in it. Perhaps if you could introduce the matter in an impersonal way, as a tale or scandalous anecdote referring to some other family, you might win his attention."

As she said this with scarcely the shadow of a smile on her thin lips, Lady Priscilla Capulett rose, and drawing the shawl closer around her throat, swept noiselessly out of the room, looking in the flickering twilight like the tall and distinguished ghost of some old family portrait, and hiding, with the self-command which was part and parcel of her nature, the anger that rose within her ambitious spirit like a blinding cloud of smoke.

Frank inhabited a little suite of two rooms luxuriously and even coquettishly furnished. His mother had insisted on investing him, at his twenty-first birthday, with a sort of freedom of the house. A latch-key, in an envelope upon his plate at breakfast, had been her gift to him that morning; and she and his sisters installed him with pomp in the two upper rooms, opening one into the other, which had lain unfurnished since the exile of the eldest son. The little bedroom was a sort of downy nest, by far too delicate for a young lad, with its gray hangings, pale yellow jasmine wall paper, and ebonyed furniture. The mother had deliberately arranged all this, full of a vague jealousy of the wife who should eventually cajole her boy from her, determining, at all events, that no neglect of petting or of material dignity should aid the "not impossible

she," in her work of separation. The sitting-room was larger, with a bright outlook towards the west, over a cluster of gardens. It contained a sofa drawn close to the fire, a long chair, a piano, and a couple of bookcases in wild disorder. The ladies of the house outdid the occupier himself in the persistence with which they respected the bachelor air of the room; and they even made a jest of it, accusing one another of pushing the tobacco-jar into needless prominence, and of arranging the beauties of the day in more fascinating groups around the mirror.

The mother would seem to have been attacked by a sudden spasm of her habitual neuralgia. How else, at all events, can we explain that between her dignified exit from the sitting-room and her gracious entry into her son's presence, she passed a brief interlude by flinging herself on the sofa in her own bedroom, and there spasmodically sobbing with dry eyes? The struggle, whatever it was, whether pain or rage, had entirely passed away when her son sprang forward from his armchair with a welcome too impulsive to be quite natural, and overwhelmed her with affectionate protestations. She consented to make herself comfortable on the sofa, and she commenced the attack, as careful strategists do, with misleading manœuvres which seemed to have nothing to do with the purpose of the campaign. At last she said, almost with an excess of innocence, —

"You have been amusing yourself, Adelaide tells us, with a little flirtation while we have been away. I wonder you did not write to tell us about the adventure you had. You can have had no idea how dull we were at Kissengen."

"Kissengen could not have been more dull than Kensington was."

"Ah, I dare say. That is why I deprecate this custom of absolutely draining London at a certain moment of everybody that one can know. Of course, you poor child, there was not a single house you could go to."

"I suppose," said Frank with a desperate effort at ease of manner, "that Adelaide has told you about my new friends?"

"Yes. She seemed even to be inclined to exaggerate the amount of the friendship. I was just saying to her that it was impossible that you, with your principles, could associate with any comfort with a set of persons belonging to one of the denominations. Of course, I know very well that a man must have acquaintances

in a wider circle than his sisters move in. I am sure I am always reminding myself of the stupid fault parents make in not recognizing that their children are grown up. In the choice of your associates I should never think of interfering, because I should leave you with confidence to your own principles. But I do think that, with your generous nature and want of knowledge of the world—the vulgar part of it, I mean—you are very likely to be taken in, just because you imagine everybody to be as good as yourself."

"I have a great deal of insight into character, I can assure you, mother. If you think I am going to be persuaded to join the Baptists because I—just because she—for any reason—you are quite mistaken. But one may pluck the apple that hangs from the thorny tree, don't you know?"

"It will be sure to turn out a crab, my child. Now, quite seriously, tell me the exact truth about this scrape you have got into. Of course, we can perfectly understand that a sort of romance has attended your little adventure, and that you have been indiscreet. I don't even say that these good people have been actually designing. I hope that they will prove to us by the way that they behave that they have no such conscious notions. Of course it is a very great thing to them to be visited by a young man in your position. Now, just be candid with me, and tell me what we can do to help you out of it."

"You must not think," said Frank, "that I can allow you to help me out of it. I do not want to be helped out. She is a lovely girl, quite a lady in every way; I am sure you will take to her at once if only you see her, and she is so good and pious that it really makes one quite religious to talk to her. And she plays tennis splendidly, and swims and all that; and she sings beautifully. If you will only get over the idea of her being a Baptist, it will be all right."

"You know how I have always looked forward to your being married by the Bishop of Wisbeach. Now that would be impossible."

"We ought to be very glad to save him the trouble."

"Really, Frank, you must not jest about serious things. You know perfectly well that it never is a trouble to a Willoughby to serve another Willoughby. In a certain sense the bishop is the head of our family. As long as your cousin is under age, I shall always look to the bishop as

our chief. And you know, as well as I do, that he would most deeply disapprove of the step you propose to take. Besides, I suppose that this young person is not well off. On what do you propose to marry? You must know perfectly well that we have no superfluous means. When your papa married me, whatever proverbs may say, I raised him to my position. The daughter of an Irish earl was something, though I brought him nothing but a little plate and a lapdog. I was useful to him in his profession, and I must say that he has never reproached me. But we did expect you to reverse the order of affairs. There is a great deal of sense in that thing about the Quaker, 'Go where money is.' We have done our very best to bring you where money was, and now you take advantage of our absence to go where there is neither money nor rank, nor even the establishment. I hope, Frank, that you are not really serious?"

"I am, indeed; I consider myself absolutely engaged to Miss Jane Baxter."

"You annoy me, Frank," said Lady Priscilla. "You are so impractical and positive. I am not absolutely saying that I shall refuse my consent. I may tell you that if your brother made a similar match, I should absolutely refuse it; but then Augustus will be the head of the family and you will not. I recognize that you are in a certain degree independent. But I should grieve extremely if anything came of this attachment of yours, and it seems to me impossible that in so very short a time anything serious should have come of it. So without any prejudice to the young lady, I beg you to consider in your own mind whether you have not made a mistake. We will talk it over again some other day, and now I must positively kiss you, and hurry down to dress for dinner."

CHAPTER V.

THE winter was now fully come, and the tide of business began to beat with a louder pulse up Wycherley Passage. The minister was back from his tour in the Hebrides, keen, bland, irreproachable, with a small white flower in his button-hole—an object of despair to an offensive opposition. The permanent secretary, too, Sir Eusebius Holcroft, whose shock of white hair and quick, black eyes had seen the waxing and waning of government after government—Sir Eusebius, who knew more of the business of the office, as he was accustomed to boast,

"than any man living or dead, my dear sir, living or dead" — he, too, was again on the box of the lumbering coach of the Department of Agriculture. From some ancient source, long hidden by the mists of time, there had flowed down into the office the custom of speaking of the permanent secretary as the Queen of Sheba. Why, nobody knew; but the title was not only universal, but *de rigueur*. If it had arisen in a spirit of chaff in those remote ages, all trace of such satire was gone. The title had even become a mark of good breeding in the man who used it — a social shibboleth. Nothing is more curious than the way in which, in spite of Playfair schemes and levelling examinations, the line is sharply drawn in the large English public offices between "people whom one knows, don't you know," and "people whom one doesn't know, don't you know." Among the former class, to have said "Sir Eusebius" would have proved that the interlocutors were in all the dignity of a quarrel, or appalled by the rumor of an official earthquake, or else conscious of the presence of an outsider from the latter class, before whom to have said "the Queen of Sheba" would have shown an almost criminal want of tact.

Early in November the "office" was gathered together, as usual, in Mr. Leyoncrona's room. That gentleman was peacefully glancing at the *Times*. Frank Capulett was perched on his round stool, adorning the office stationery with florid and conventional portraits of Jane. Piper, whose peculiarity was a tendency to wind his limbs around articles of furniture which were not intended to be used as seats, was perilously balanced on a substantial old fire-screen. He had been expostulated with, but he declared there was no danger, and that if he did slip, Sennett would break his fall. Sennett was seated in a chair before the fire, an abject heap, in a lethargy which betokened a too brilliant pursuit of pleasure on the preceding evening. A new-comer, Mr. Wordingham, stood in front of the fire, with his tails to it, in the rather obtrusive attitude that a man takes in returning to a circle of familiars after an absence.

"Did you have a jolly time in Greece, Wordingham?" asked the writhing Piper.

"Very. We couldn't travel about much in the interior. It is still awfully full of brigands. I did not care about the food much; too much grease and garlic. I couldn't help thinking what a lark it would have been if one had been captured by

brigands. What would you fellows have done?"

"Well," said Piper, "we should have gone in a body to the Queen of Sheba, and have fallen at his feet, and have said, 'Buy back for us our beloved Wordingham, even though you have to sell all the sealing-wax, and all the red tape, and all the old steel pens in the department. Do not, do not spare the stationery,' we should have said, 'when a brother's life is in danger.'"

"Ah! you may play the fool, Piper, but I can tell you it is a deuced nasty business to be caught by those fellows. I was rather glad when the yacht stood out for the Cyclades."

"Not much like Wycherley Passage, I expect, the Cyclades?" mourned the broken Sennett. "Just fancy being mewed up in this yellow hole for the winter! I feel like chucking the whole thing up, and going south somewhere."

"Any news in the office?" asked Wordingham.

"One very small piece of news," said Leyoncrona, smiling; "Capulett has engaged himself to a young lady."

"Hallo!" said Wordingham, slapping his legs, "I call that a very great piece of news; the youngster going to be married! Come here, you youngster, and tell us all about it."

"There isn't much to tell," said Frank, blushing as he serpented through the chairs and bureaus to the fire.

"When is it coming off? Has she got money? Is she pretty? What's her name? Do any of us know her? Have you fellows seen her?" asked Wordingham in a volley of interrogations.

"The Lion has seen her," said Frank, "and so he can give you an account."

"I only saw her for a few moments, you know," said Leyoncrona, "when we were arranging about the Humane Society. By the way, do you know whether she has heard definitely from the secretary yet about the medal?"

"No, I don't think so. Oh yes! I think she is to hear after the next meeting, which will be held on Friday."

"Is she to receive a medal for her courage in accepting the youngster?" said Wordingham.

"She is a real downright heroine, I can tell you, my boy," said Sennett; "goes about saving drowning people like anything. She is just now the divinity of the department, and our only feeling is one of wanting to thrash Frank, if he does not treat her properly."

"Sennett is so sentimental that I believe he is going to be married too," said Wordingham.

"Marriage is always an epidemic," said Piper.

"Not I indeed! As long as I can find three other men at the club for a rubber, the card-room is my domestic hearth. I think a fellow was given his life to enjoy it," and the weary Sennett yawned at the fire and rubbed his chilly knuckles.

"I suppose you will hardly stay here if you marry," said Wordingham. "Your brother is doing uncommonly well out in Montana, isn't he?"

"I believe he is. He bought land just in front of the railways, and there is a city on the spot which was prairie when he took it. He has a very quick eye for localities. I don't think I shall go out to Montana, though, unless he specially invites me. He is a bachelor, you see, and, besides, no one can tell how soon he may feel inclined to realize his property, and start something else. He is not at all like me, he is a regular pushing man."

There was a laugh at the *naïveté* of this, and in the midst of it a messenger came in with a card for Capulett, on which was written, not engraved, the name of John Baxter.

"This gentleman wishes to see you, sir, if you are at liberty, and he is now in the waiting-room."

Frank did not proceed at once to greet his future brother-in-law, but mused, with a sort of apprehension, upon the cause of this visit. It vexed him that John Baxter had come to the office, and yet he could hardly have explained why. He had all his mother's horror of a conundrum, and was never quite sure of not being victimized by the unexpected. The room into which the visitor had been shown was a square, dismal apartment, with a painted deal table and some cane-bottomed chairs sprinkled over a cold expanse of oil-cloth. Its one large window looked out across the leads to a motley landscape of chimney-pots, over which the morning sunlight came raking. As John Baxter sat there, with the top-light isolating his forehead and illuminating his large brow, moustache, he looked almost handsome, but Frank, who was too conscious of people's clothes, observed his billy-cock hat and a tie which lacked distinction. If Frank was conscious of shyness, Baxter was certainly no less shy in his own way, a rather dogged way that his throat and shoulders were apt to exaggerate. Frank

was conscious of an unreasonable aversion to him when he rose and said, very civilly, —

"I hope you will forgive my having taken the liberty of calling on you. I had something that I wished to say to you, and I thought I should be sure to find you here."

"It is not anything about — I hope that your sister — that Jane — is not —"

"It was about her, of course, that I came to see you. But she has no idea that I am paying you a visit. It was quite my own idea."

As Frank merely expressed inquiry on his face the young man went on, gazing out of the window with a set look.

"I won't take up your time. You see, my father and mother are very unworldly people, and so I have sometimes, without their knowing it, to take their place. And their place would naturally be to arrange my sister's affairs for her. But my father is so swallowed up with the Lord's work that the things of this world are too apt to be neglected, and my stepmother has too soft a heart to hold her own. But I dare say you know very well what it is I want to say?"

"I really assure you I don't," said Frank, who spoke the truth.

"My sisters say I am too rough to understand women, and perhaps I am very foolish about it, not moving in the elegant circles that you do. But amongst us, Mr. Capulett, when a man wins a promise from a young girl his women folk come and say kind things, and treat her as a daughter, and take her to themselves in a way. And if they do not do this, then the mother thinks her daughter slighted, and she has a right to ask the young man why his parents do not come forward. Now I hope you will not take it amiss what I say. It is gone four weeks since you came and saw my stepmother, and that Jane promised herself to you. And yet your mother has not written to her or to any of us, and we know nothing of her mind nor of your father's. I make bold to say that this makes me unhappy, and my parents too, and they have made it a subject of prayer what they ought to do, and they have been guided to let it alone, only keeping watch and ward over Jane. But I do not think that that is what should be done, and so I have ventured to come and ask you, sir, whether, if your parents will not encourage your choice, you will not leave us, and go your way before my sister has had time to grow used to you?"

This was much less terrible than anything that Frank had imagined might be the reason of the visit, and he beamed with sympathy.

"You are perfectly just, and have done quite right to come and see me. I must tell you that I have had great difficulty with my people. They are very proud and obstinate, particularly my mother, and I think I have done wrong not to be more positive with her. I thought that if I left it a little and constantly spoke of Jane, and how good and beautiful she is, my people would gradually come round. But you are perfectly right in what you say. Of course it is a kind of stigma on Jane that she should not have my parents' sanction, and I will see at once that my mother calls upon her, and on Mrs. Baxter too."

He rose to signify that the visit was over, but John Baxter sat there still, evidently burdened with something yet left unsaid.

"I cannot ever be quite sure that these mixed connections are blest. You belong to one part of society and we to another. There is just the same difference between us that there is between Kensington and Kilburn. We should never have come into your acquaintance at all if you had not sought us out. I hope you'll remember that, Mr. Capulett. And if ever trouble should come of this alliance, for I can't say I'm altogether happy about it in my mind, you must be sure to recollect that it was you sought us, and not we you. You'll pardon my freedom in saying that?"

Frank put out his hand, and the two men met in an amiable shake of palms of varied hardness.

"You must not take that view of it, you know," said Frank. "Jane and I are awfully fond of one another, and we're exactly suited to make one another happy. Of course neither of us marries the other's relations."

He immediately had the grace to wish that he had not said this, but there was no sign of resentment in the grave eyes that were turned to him. He was therefore emboldened, in saying good-bye, to be almost spiteful.

"You'll excuse me," he said, "for not asking you to stop. It is hardly possible for me to see callers in the morning." And as he showed his visitor to the head of the flight of stairs, he wished again that John's hat and his necktie had been more worthy of one who sought alliance with the Capulett.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE was no difficulty in making Lady Priscilla perceive that the neutral position she had taken was now no longer tenable. She was not supported, moreover, by her household gods. Mr. Capulett had refused to be interested in the affair, and the bishop, from the midst of some trying episcopal business, had snatched twenty minutes to write her what she considered a thoroughly lukewarm letter, about the necessity of bending to the democratic spirit of the age. His lordship seemed to bear the disappointment of not marrying Frank and his bride with entire equanimity; he did not refer to the subject. Edith, moreover, had been carried over to the Baxter side of the controversy by the warmth and persistence of Frank's descriptions of Jane, and when the young man insisted that good manners required his mother to call on Mrs. Baxter, he met with no serious opposition. Lady Priscilla consented to call; but she said that she still reserved her sanction of the engagement, and that she should take Adelaide with her because Edith was already prejudiced.

In the middle of the afternoon, then, of the ensuing day, Lady Priscilla and her second daughter drove over to Constantine Villas, which they had considerable difficulty in finding. The coachman and footman were so cross and the ladies so cold that they were on the point of abandoning the search when they were lucky enough to meet a local postman. After terrifying the Baxters' maid almost out of her propriety, they found themselves in a chilly drawing-room, into the fireplace of which the maid flung herself with a lighted match and came out again in a volume of smoke. She then left the ladies to their reflections.

The room was papered with a French gray paper, and a pattern in imitation of lace upon it in tarnished gold. Lady Priscilla sat up, grand and dogged, in an armchair, gazing at this wall-paper, while Adelaide darted lightly hither and thither in a flying sort of inventory. They looked at one another, and Lady Priscilla murmured, "What a smell!" The room was, in fact, pervaded by a faint odor, unpleasantly gamey or spicy. Adelaide examined the pictures—an engraving of cattle after Cooper, a water-color sketch of a castle, a text illuminated in scarlet and silver and smartly framed, a photographic group of nine missionaries under a palm-tree, and the portrait in oils of an

elderly person. She examined with curiosity the banner-screen before the fire, which was tied up in a bag of muslin; and then she darted into a chair, for there was a step outside. It passed, however, and she continued her *voyage autour de la chambre*, and noted the statuette of Luther in biscuit, under a glass shade, the three photographic albums, the piano, and at last gave a little cry of "Oh, mother! it's these white mice!" The smell indeed proceeded from an ingenious little set of apartments, with a glass front, which housed a large family of these small creatures. In a sort of upper bedroom, communicating with the lower premises by means of three holes, a group of infant mice lay in a nest. Adelaide listened for steps, and then, opening the lid, smartly plucked forth one of the infants and laid it in the hollow of her hand. The papa mouse, however, who was taking violent exercise on the whirligig down-stairs, seemed to feel something was wrong, for he stopped revolving, and sprang to one of the holes in the first floor, through which his nose was eloquent. Adelaide had just time to restore his offspring to him, and to close the lid, when the door opened and Mrs. Baxter appeared.

She was a serious, placid woman, whose fine features had been somewhat effaced by the hand of time, which had painted them with a more than winter color to make up for loss of modelling. She had never been very like her daughter, and now the resemblance had grown faint indeed. When the first greetings had passed, with a good deal of formality, she went to mend the fire, and so revealed to the Capulett ladies the fact that she had been wearing a small woolly shawl around her shoulders, which she had thrown off to make way for a clean collar, but which had caught in a button of her dress, and hung down with comical effect between her shoulders.

"My son," said Lady Priscilla, "has been very anxious that we should know one another, Mrs. Baxter. I find that you made him very welcome here while we were away on the Continent this autumn."

"I hardly know how it began, I am sure. Our young people are so fond of lawn tennis, they were glad to get another gentleman, I suppose."

"No doubt," said Lady Priscilla; "at such gatherings gentlemen are always at a premium."

"Her father and I had no idea it was anything serious, or I should have said

a word to Mr. Frank, asking him not to come any more. I am not very observant, the girls say, and I noticed nothing, not even on the Sunday, when he walked home with her from chapel. Then on the Monday he came again in the dusk, just before tea, and Jane and he walked round our little back garden till I had to call her in; and he wouldn't stay to tea. And then I did notice something, for her hands were all trembling when she cut the bread for toasting. But it was that night, when she and I were coming home from the Dorcas meeting, that she told me about it, and that she thought she must have him. My heart quite sank within me, for it was my wish, and her father's too, that she should marry within our communion. But when we got home, there was a letter come by post from Mr. Frank, a beautiful letter, saying how fond he was of Jane, and what a blessing it would be to him to come within her sphere of usefulness, and we laid it before the Lord in our simple fashion, and the consequence was we did not see our way to refuse."

This was not at all the attitude of mind against which Lady Priscilla had fenced herself in triple brass. She felt a little ashamed of what she had said about "the designing ways of these Dissenters."

"I am very glad indeed," she said, "to find that you have had that view of it, because it makes it easier for me to say what is in my mind. I quite think with you that people should remain in that religious body in which they were born. All our family, of course, have been brought up in the establishment, and, you must excuse me for saying so, I have always inculcated the idea that any form of sectarian independence in religious matters was most undesirable, and likely to lead to atheism and socialism and all sorts of horrors of that kind."

"I don't think we are socialistic at all," said Mrs. Baxter, mildly rubbing her hands, and dashing forward again to struggle with the unwilling fire, "nor atheistic, I'm sure. I often fancy we are too old-fashioned and run too much in a groove. It is a great responsibility marrying the children. Are any of your ladyship's children settled yet?"

"You must allow me to say, Mrs. Baxter, that I really am very pleased to find that we think so much alike upon this matter," said Lady Priscilla in a sympathetic glow. "I am sure that as we both think such a match would be undesirable, we can bring our influences to bear upon

the young people, and break it off. I hope my Frank has not gone so far as to fill your daughter's mind with — with what we may call — ambitions — what is the word I am searching for, my dear Adelaide?"

Adelaide showed no anxiety to help her mother, and so Mrs. Baxter resumed, in her plaintive voice, —

"My children are all of them very positive. I don't know how it is. Dr. Baxter is such a very gentle man, and I don't think I am very stiff-necked myself, and yet all of the children are so positive. It has been a great source of thankfulness to us that they have all turned out so well, with that strength of will. Now Jane is so frank on one side, that you seem to look right through her, but on the other she is as hard and dark, if she chooses, as a bit of iron. Now, what I don't rightly understand, if you let me be so plain, is whether she is or is not really in love with Mr. Frank, or whether she likes him — we all like him so much — and thinks she will be blessed to him. For I must explain to you, my daughters are different from ordinary girls in this, that they enjoy the innocent pleasures of life thoroughly, and yet I do believe their hearts are always full of heavenly desires. Now Mr. Frank, you see, has come upon Jane from this side, and he has made her think that she will benefit his soul."

"Most extraordinary, is it not, Adelaide?" said Lady Priscilla. "I must warn you, Mrs. Baxter, that my son is very sympathetic."

At this moment the door slowly opened, and Jane herself stood there. She had just come indoors, and her hair was still a little blown by the wind. She wore a dark blue walking-dress, and there was a high color in her cheeks and light in her fine eyes; she looked an incarnation of girlish freshness. She had seen the ladies' cards, but by a little freak of innocent hypocrisy she pretended to be surprised, and made a feint of retiring. Lady Priscilla and Adelaide, who were a little ashamed of being found in the very act of plotting by their intended victim, received her graciously. Adelaide, indeed, was charmed at once, and took a sudden friendship for her. She went a little aside with her, where the two girls sat in a window and chatted, bruising their knees against the wirework stand in which some dusty azaleas were languishing, and looking out across the front garden to the deserted road. There was a certain freshness and sincerity in Jane that amused Adelaide.

The latter was by no means a frivolous person by nature, but her surroundings, the claims of society upon her, and the life she was forced to lead in agitated idleness, had given an artificial air to her. In Jane's intelligence and experience she found as great a contrast to her own as lay between the rosy cheeks and full, soft form of the one, and the olive tones and chiselled outlines of the other.

Lady Priscilla also was charmed, but with far less resignation of purpose. She saw what the attraction had been, and she was much too clever a woman to undervalue these luminous cool eyes, this frank and lucid forehead, this bold and roseate maidenhood; but she also saw the nascent and now irradicable faults, as she conceived them to be, the excessive color of the blood in the skin, the pulpy form, that in fifteen years would be shapeless, the ungraceful action of the hands, the sharp twang in the voice. As she banded agreeable nothings with Mrs. Baxter, she asked herself how far these faults could be modified, these degenerations avoided, by careful training in another school. Her thoughts were not altogether selfish, though they were hard and worldly. She was trying to solve the problem whether it was really possible that Frank could be happy with this girl, and she with him. Finally she thought that this might be.

In the drive home her scruples finally vanished, for Adelaide was full of enthusiasm for Jane. "She will be the very wife for Frank," she said. "She is strong wherever he is weak, and quite well enough educated. He is not at all a genius, you know. She seems to understand music, and that really is the only thing Frank cares about of an intellectual kind. Edith and I can take her in hand about her dress and one or two things. Don't you think she is really pretty?"

"Certainly; of course a little in the over-blown or hollyhock style. She will simply kill every complexion in our house. You looked like ivory by the side of her. Now, tell me, did you gather that she is very fond of Frank; did she talk incessantly about him?"

"Well, that is just where I thought she showed such unexpected good breeding. She did not talk very much about him; and when she did mention him, it was not in the silly, blushing way that most girls would, but very gravely straightforward, with her dark eyes fixed upon me. I think she is most original."

"Do you? Well, that is exactly what

I do not think. She leaves on me the impression of being an ordinary specimen of a very good type — a wholesome, right-minded girl, who has been brought up well in an old-fashioned way. They are evidently a very respectable family. What a dreadful smell those mice made, and neither of the Baxters seemed to be in the least aware of it! I think on the whole that that forms now my principal remaining objection to the match."

"What, that they keep white mice? Such dear little things, with pink, rosy tails?"

"No, but that they keep them without noticing that they smell. It shows a blunted sense of propriety. Did you notice what hideous little magenta mats there were under the smelling-bottles on the back table?"

"Yes! of course I did," exclaimed Adelaide; "but how on earth you managed to do so, when you were perched up all the time, 'in state your glory well befitting,' in an armchair that looked the other way, is more than I can comprehend."

"My dear child," said Lady Priscilla sententiously, "when you have reached my time of life you will have learned to have eyes in the back of your head."

But before they had reached home the ladies had decided that the engagement must be recognized, and during the evening a letter was written by Lady Priscilla to Jane, asking herself and her mother to tea on an approaching afternoon, and hinting at a visit that Jane must presently pay to the Capulets at Kensington.

CHAPTER VII.

THE return call was by no means an exhilarating affair. Mrs. Baxter required her own surroundings to show her off to advantage, and her pathetic softness was more than pathetic when it was deprecated also. But the visit did not pass without one remarkable event. As we have seen, it had not been thought necessary to instruct Mr. Capulett in what was going on, not from any unwifely or unfilial neglect of his feelings, but simply from the hopelessness of int. resting him in it. He had heard the whole thing discussed, and he had gone through a brief ceremony of blessing Frank, a ceremony which was generally regarded in the family as a burlesque. At lunch on the day now under discussion a great deal had been said about the expected visit from Mrs. Baxter and Jane, but he had not appeared to pay any attention to it, nor allow it to disturb

his appreciation of a new story by Droz, which occupied him all through the meal. His conduct, therefore, when the visitors arrived may be looked upon as epoch-making.

Mr. Capulett was a man who would have received not a single vote in a *plébiscite* for an English literary academy, and yet he had no small practical acquaintance with the outer confines of literature. He was the author of some of the most paying melodramas of our age, and there are more than one of his plays which everybody knows by name, and which most people have seen upon the stage. Yet his own name was scarcely known, and it was rapidly declining in reputation year by year, as a form of theatrical amusement less obvious and less mechanical than his came into vogue. Yet Mr. Capulett was not quite an ordinary man. He had something of the pretensions of a poet, though his actual writing gift had at all times been very small. But no one had been more nimble than he with the scissors, no one a greater master of effect, and his intuitions of stage success had secured fortunes to manager after manager. For a dozen years in his youth, to secure Capulett's services was to secure money for the house. Later on he had begun to be voted old-fashioned; but his fine appearance, and on occasion his fine manners, and his languid wife, with her prestige as the daughter of an Irish earl, had preserved him on the upper surface of society, where he was always enough of an artist by instinct to lean to the more graceful and intelligent section. But the melodramas, though still existing in every repertory, no longer brought in the fortune that they once did, and the Capulets were slowly sinking a little out of their zenith.

The surprising thing that Mr. Capulett did was this. Having lunched in the costume that enraged his daughters — an old gray coat, with a wisp of pink silk tied round the neck, and a sloppy pair of slippers — he suddenly appeared, when the guests were being regaled with tea in the drawing-room, in a condition of almost dazzling gentility. He had changed his old gray slouch for a well-fitting frock coat, had discarded his silk wisp in favor of a vast collar of snowy whiteness with a sky-blue stock, and had arranged his small feet in a pair of very smart pumps. Thus adorned, with his grizzled, curly hair brushed out like a halo round his head, he advanced into the room with an expression of seraphical sweetness on his

face, and rather swam than stepped up to Jane, who rose somewhat awkwardly, embarrassed by her teacup. Lady Priscilla, who was in the midst of a long sentence about the difficulty of getting from their house to the park in frosty weather, suddenly stopped, as though she had been shot, and had no time to present the strangers. Mr. Capulett, however, taking no heed of Mrs. Baxter, swept up to Jane with both his hands extended, and said, in carefully selected tones, "No need to ask! This, I feel sure, is my new daughter!"

It was the opinion of Jane, and of his own daughters also, that he was now about to kiss her. Happily it did not occur to him to go so far as this; but after gazing at her for a few moments, he relinquished one of her hands, and, still grasping the other, sat down at her side. He said scarcely anything after this, and Jane, who was impressed by his appearance, and thought him a kind old man, received more smiles than answers to the remarks she felt bound to make, until at last, as she was saying something to him in a low voice, he rose abruptly, and bestowing on her a richer smile than ever before, said, "I shall see you again before you go," and left the room as unexpectedly as he had entered it; and of him that afternoon they saw no more. The visit indeed was not much prolonged, for nobody felt at ease. The opulence and elegance of the Capuletts' drawing-room, furnished in the latest style with barbaric importations from Bulgaria and Nubia and Japan, put Jane more out of countenance than the frigid manners of the ladies, who did not mean in the least to be frigid, but who, to confess the truth, were themselves consumed with shyness.

Frank, who hovered about, bringing Jane things to look at, and plying her with biscuits, gradually sank into a dull rage as he saw that the interview hung fire. He went out when the Baxters left, ostensibly to see them on their way home, but really to scold Jane for a fiasco which he vaguely put down to her dress.

The three people walked down the street silent at first, Mrs. Baxter weary and homesick after this unwonted plunge into fashion, Jane discouraged by the sight of the life that she was henceforth to lead, and Frank secretly raging with vanity that had been vicariously wounded, in the fact, as he thought, that his sweetheart had made a bad impression.

"I can't think why you wore that particular hat, unless you wished to annoy

me," he said at last, in a spasm of petulance.

Jane had been so far from divining his annoyance, that she started, and looked sideways at him. He was black with temper.

"I put on this bonnet because it is the best I have. You shall teach me better taste," she said coaxingly, "but you must not say that I do things to annoy you."

But he was not quite appeased. "If it was not your bonnet, I don't know what it could have been. I wanted them all to admire you so much, and you sat there as mute as an owl."

She was driven again to meek defence. "I am sure I talked as much as I could. I talked to your father—at least I tried to. And I had a nice long chat with your sister, Miss Adelaide. Your mother frightens me, oh! so dreadfully, but I thought she was as kind as possible. I am so sorry you thought the call a failure, for I did not find it, I think, quite so terrible as I expected."

"Why should you expect it to be terrible?" he persisted, no longer in an angry but rather a peevish tone.

A little silence followed, in the midst of which Mrs. Baxter, in an impersonal way, remarked, "There does not seem to be so much fog here as there is up at Notting Hill."

"I wonder you can't understand," said Jane, beginning to cry at last, but wrestling cruelly with her tears, "that it is more trying to make a visit like this than anything a girl has ever had to go through before. I think you ought to see——" And then tears and voice were arrested alike in a pitched battle of silence.

"The next turning but one to the left for our station," said Mrs. Baxter, who hurried them on like automata, and glanced neither at the one of them nor at the other.

In the tumult of people in the crowded thoroughfare where they now found themselves the lovers were hustled together, and by-and-by they forgot their troubles. Frank was obliged to take Jane's arm, ungallantly leaving Mrs. Baxter to struggle on by herself, and when they all turned the corner that led to the station they found themselves friends again. But when, at the ticket-office, Frank announced that he had promised to go back at once, the two women resigned him, the younger almost as gladly as the elder, for her physical endurance was tried to the utmost. In the underground railway, the fog and steam and the crush of passengers

seemed merely to strain her more closely to her mother, and in their crowded second-class carriage they were glad to be pressed tightly to one another, and to take arms unseen under the shelter of their cloaks. When they got home at last, and found the white-haired father meekly reading close to the green shade of the lamp, and John stretched out on the rug gazing at the fire, and the girls sewing in their easy-chairs, while the urn sang on the table, the comfortable homeliness of the scene, its familiarity, and its moderate demand upon her powers, rushed in upon Jane, and she almost detected herself in the act of regret.

For the next week or two very little happened which needs to be noted in this quiet chronicle. Frank was not to be blamed if the distance between Kilburn and Kensington seemed immense, and if his regular duties at the office made an irresistible demand upon his time. He saw Jane when he could, and he spent the whole of Sunday with her. Now that the engagement was a settled thing he said less, perhaps, about the religious effect upon his character which he anticipated from associating with her. Indeed, he almost rebelled against the multitude of services into which the Sunday was broken up. He did not venture to make any suggestion about the morning meeting, but went piously to Colville Road under Jane's convoy. When midday dinner was over, his lady-love had to prepare at once for the Sunday-school, in which she took a class from three o'clock to half past four. This Frank found particularly irksome, and he did not scruple to say that he thought she had better give this up at once, as she would not be able to teach after her marriage.

This argument Jane did not attempt to meet, but waived it for the moment. Frank conducted her to the door of the malodorous little place, like a dingy hive, with its clusters of children hanging at the entrance, and spent the hour and a half in loafing about on the doubtful heights of Frognal, where a sort of hybrid country made up of meadows and little rows of shops, ancestral elm-trees and street-lamps, old mossy barns and staring edifices of sheet-tin painted blue and red in stripes, mark the extremity of London. Then, with the wooded heights of Hampstead before him, a leafy fastness, he would forbear to climb them, but turning his back to them would contemplate a landscape that better suited his discontented mood. There, on the right, across

the brick-fields, and the half-seen villas of Willesden, there stretched the vast and hideous flats of Wormwood Scrubs—a no-man's-land, drowned in cold white vapor; and, further east, London slowly began to sink upon the dull incline, shapeless, overhung with colorless cloud, a vague sea of pale fog out of which arose no point or island of firm land anywhere. And then he would walk back to the schoolhouse, not very much benefited in spirits by his little country walk.

In the evenings of these Sundays he rebelled altogether, and carried Jane off after tea to hear some fashionable preacher in the body of London, enjoying the comparative excitement of the chase for religious instruction more than the fresh draughts at the old familiar fountain in Colville Road. On these excursions they were not alone, for one of her sisters always attended as chaperone, and when the hour for final parting came, and Frank leaped into a cab to drive home to Kensington, he found left upon his mind a sensation of not merely having been fatigued, but bored as well. He looked forward with pleasure to Jane's ensuing visit to his parents, and flattered himself that he had nothing to do but to separate his bride from her surroundings to make his engagement the delicious and inebriating thing which he was at present surprising himself by not exactly finding it.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE afternoon, early in December, as Leyoncrona and Frank Capulett were quietly at work in their room at the office, Sennett came in with some papers to be signed, and as Leyoncrona was examining them remarked,—

"One of the evening papers brings up the subject of the Queen of Sheba's peerage again."

"Oh, I don't believe in it at all," said Leyoncrona.

"Well, if the government were to go out of office, I shouldn't be surprised if he took it and retired. By the way, what an age it is since the last change of ministry! I should rather like another. The work is always so jolly slack in the interregnum," said Sennett.

"How would you like to be one of those poor devils of public servants in France and America, who are sacked when the minister goes out of office?"

"You don't mean to say that? I call that uncivilized. Why, how can the new fellows learn the work of the place? I should like to know who would pick up

the ensilage statistics if you and I were to be kicked out to-morrow. The new man wouldn't know the difference between a silo and a salamander. I wonder if the old Queen of Sheba will get you promoted before he goes! I bet he will forget all about it."

"He always has stood up for his men. He has been a first-rate administrator, whatever his faults have been, and the result of working for us has been that we've worked for him."

"You always stick up for him. He's a selfish old party, I believe. However, there never does come a change of ministry without doing somebody good, unless they put some awful old Tory in. Of course, I'm a Conservative myself, but I must say I like a Radical at the top of the office. More modern-like, somehow."

"By the way, Sennett, you had better look official, and not lounge there at the fire, for I expect the Queen of Sheba this afternoon to look over these new charts. He said as they were so cumbersome he would come himself and glance at them."

"Quite a nine days' wonder. I don't believe he has been in this end of the building for a year or more. Here he is!" said Sennett, stiffening himself, and brandishing a bundle of blue folios. But it was not the Queen of Sheba, it was a more veritable female apparition, and a more unexpected one. The door was thrown open, and a messenger, with an impertinent grin on his face shouted out:

"Mr. Capulett, a lady to see you, sir."

In walked Jane Baxter, with her cheeks flushed to the color of fire, and turning her dazzled eyes on two wrong men before she found the right one. There was a moment of extreme embarrassment. Sennett fled from the room. Leyoncrona made a slight effort to rise and bow, and then sank over his papers. Frank rushed to the door, without a word, and dragged Jane into the room away from the threshold.

"What is the matter?" he said, trying to steady his voice, and deadly pale.

"Oh, Frank, I beg your pardon for coming! I did not know I should disturb you."

"Is anything wrong?" said Frank, with desperate patience.

"No, indeed! But as mother and Sallie were shopping at the stores, and as we were so very near you for once, I thought you would be glad to see me if I came to fetch you, and so I left them in the Strand, and came on to see if you would go home with us."

"But how did you think I could go home at this hour?" asked Frank, still heroically calm.

And now Leyoncrona could not endure his false position. He came forth from the screen of his great desk, and with his courteous smile he presented himself to Jane.

"Good afternoon, Miss Baxter. I hope you recollect me. I am very glad to hear that, in spite of your protests, the Humane Society has done its duty. You saw the little paragraph in the *Times* this morning? It ought to have been twice as long. This boy here should be very proud of you, I am sure. You have come this splendid afternoon to lure him from his duties? Well, I suppose I must let him go with my blessing. By the way, Capulett, we must really get that scoundrel of a Jackson into better ways. He had no business to show Miss Baxter in here. We must really apologize to you; very trying for you, I'm sure."

His kind voice and apparent indulgence for her little hoydenish crime comforted her exceedingly. But even in her humiliation she would not screen herself behind the character of another person.

"You must not scold the messenger," she said; "it is I who was at fault. I thought Mr. Capulett lived in a room by himself, and I fancied I might save time if I asked to see him directly."

They were standing in a group in the middle of the room all this time, for in that semi-public place, with clerks of low degree forever coming and going, it seemed to occur to neither of the men that a lady should be seated. But the climax of the *contretemps* was at hand. Out in the passage was heard a noise of steps and of voices, and above them all the shrill incessant sound of the Queen of Sheba herself. Leyoncrona fled to his desk, and the potentate entered, followed by his private secretary and a clerk bearing papers, talking all the while at the top of his voice.

"Here I am, Mr. Leyoncrona; if Mahomet won't come to the mountain, you know the alternative. As I was just telling Lord Oldham, there's not a corner of this office that is unknown to me—that is, in the past, of course. Ah! it used to lie in a nutshell, this office did, before your time, Mr. Leyoncrona. In the days when there was no minister here at all, when it was quite a minor office, I used to know every room in the place; I was a triton among the minnows then. No time now for gadding about. Well, where are

these charts you speak of? Mr. Holbeck here has been good enough to pick out all the letters on the subject from the North Australian premier, and I think we can see what to do in the twinkling of an eye. What the devil is that young woman doing here, eh, Leyoncrona? Deucedly unofficial that!" These last phrases in a clearly audible whisper.

"It is a young lady whom Mr. Capulett is engaged to," answered Leyoncrona, in a lower whisper. "She has just this moment come to see him on some very important business, I believe."

But Sir Eusebius went on whispering, "I hope you do not encourage this sort of thing. It will never do, I assure you. It will stand in the young man's way in his promotion if he gets in the habit of this sort of thing. Nice young fellow, too; I know his mother. Ain't Lady Priscilla Capulett his mother?"

"Yes, Sir Eusebius."

"Ah! charming woman, charming! Just give the boy a hint — can't have this sort of thing going on." Then in a louder tone, "Now then, Mr. Holbeck, let us glance over the correspondence, and let us see what it really is that the North Australian government is asking for."

Frank put on his coat and hat, and swiftly hurried Jane out of the door, taking advantage of the cluster of faces turned in another direction round Leyoncrona's charts. They said not a word as they emerged into the chilly courtyard, nor as they hastened down Wycherley Passage, and in the roar of Whitehall they stopped a moment irresolute. Then Frank took Jane's arm, and they slowly strolled southward. Not till they were opposite the stately fretted façade of the Colonial Office did they break their silence, and then Jane said, —

"O Frank, can you ever forgive me for behaving so badly?"

"Never mind about it, dear," he answered. "There is no harm done."

"Ah! but there is. I heard every word that dreadful little old gentleman said. He said my being there would interfere with your promotion."

"Oh no, you must have misunderstood him. That would be an absurd exaggeration. It could not possibly do that. It was a little awkward, as it happened. No one would have dreamed of that wretched Sir Eusebius turning up."

"I am so stupid. I had no idea at all what that place was like. You have so often talked to me about your room, that I thought you worked in it all by yourself.

That is quite a public place, I see. And when I asked for you, and was passed on from one man to another, I became too frightened to stop, like when one begins to run down a steep place."

"I can't allow you to compare yourself to swine," said Frank; but she was too much agitated to laugh, and she continued to bewail her awkwardness and want of sense until they reached the corner of Parliament Street.

"Where are we going?" said Frank at last. "Oh never mind," he added, "I have given myself a holiday, and it is a lovely day, we will have a little stroll to nowhere in particular."

It was indeed an exquisite day, and even a December London looked beautiful under so soft and cloudless a blue. The grass of the inclosures, the dresses of the women, the uniforms of the groups of soldiers, looked brilliant to eyes that had been almost color-blind through a dark November. The couple loitered over Westminster Bridge, watching for tugs and barges as they shot or crept down stream, amusing themselves by peeping vertically down into the very recesses of the hold of each. The yellowish-gray water swirled beneath them, ceaselessly in uneasy motion from the constant navigation, coiling like the water on a harbor bar when the tide is turning. They wandered on until they saw blue sky through the formal arcades of St. Thomas's Hospital, and on until they turned the corner, and saw the old gray palace, like a carefully washed relic of the Middle Ages, with its grave little parish church behind it. All this was new to Jane, and she fell in love with the old inn and eighteenth-century shops at the top of Church Street, facing the palace green, and laughingly she proposed that they should take lodgings there, on the second floor of one of them.

"We can come here when you are turned out of the office for my having visited you, and I will earn enough for both of us by taking in washing," she said; but Frank did not kindle at the suggestion.

"They are mean little places. I wonder they have not been pulled down before now. It is really ridiculous that they should stand here just looking out on the embankment."

They turned to the west, and observed for the first time that the whole sky was beginning to glow with the fires of sunset. They went down to the little pier at Lambeth, that floats out in the middle of the stream like a sort of moored gondola, and

there they waited for a penny steamer. The little voyage north to the pier at Westminster was an unexpected pleasure. They were almost alone, and they took two front stalls at the splendid spectacular performance which nature prepared for them. As in most winter sunsets the effects were so brief and rapid as to be almost visionary. While the lovers waited at the landing-place, the whole sky above them was rosy, paved with rippling golden fragments, and deepening into fire towards the horizon. But when they had taken their seats in the boat, they found it had changed already, and that the west was one smooth and fleckless expanse of rich amber, against which the outlines of the buildings were drawn in cold pearly gray. As they left the pier, they just had sight of the beautiful pinnaced mass of the Abbey, and nearer them the school, and just opposite them, magnified against the enchanting color of the heavens, the great Renaissance front of St. John's, Smith Square, with its pillared towers. But the quaint embattlement of spires and chimneys against the western sky was utterly dwarfed by the romantic outline of the Houses of Parliament, towards which they seemed to skim as though their bark was about to moor, in the ancient way, at some mossy water-gate at the very feet of the monstrous pile. In that dim and fascinating light the fretted forms of the building, even the clock-tower itself, had no modern character at all, but seemed parts of some vast mediæval palace, the centre of a little enchanted city, of which Bridewell was the far-away donjon-keep, and Millbank Penitentiary an eccentric sort of southern fortress. Glancing back, they saw the gray, four-square tower of Lambeth glow like the walls of the mystical castle of Sarras; and the very mud of the yellow Thames itself, as the paddle-wheels of the steamer churned it up, took reflections of steel-color and honey-yellow from the remnant of blue in the zenith, and the suffused glory of amber in the west. At last they brushed the walls of the Houses of Parliament, shot under Westminster Bridge, and came out into the light of common day with the dome of St. Paul's just glimmering on the north-eastern horizon.

The darkness gathered fast around them as they walked past the gorgeous scarlet and white sentry that haunts the arch of the Horse Guards, and by the glimmering groves of St. James's Park, up the steps into Waterloo Place, and so gained Regent Street. All this commonplace walk had the fascination of novelty

to Jane, essentially a country girl, who did not know her London. When she found herself at Piccadilly Circus she exclaimed with astonishment, for she had completely lost herself in strange ground. In Regent Street, Frank took her into a restaurant to have some tea, and over this aid to female courage she ventured to return to the subject of her *maladroit* visit.

"Is to-day the first day that a lady ever called upon you at the office, Frank?"

"No," he answered; "my mother has come to fetch me several times, and once Mrs. Percival called."

"Who is Mrs. Percival?"

"Oh, nobody you know. A friend of my sisters."

"And what did Mr. Leyoncrona do when he saw her?"

"Saw her where?"

"Well, I mean when she was shown into your room—to that room where you sit?"

"What, Mrs. Percival? Oh! she did not come up, of course; she sent up her card, and waited for me in her carriage."

"And does your mother wait in her carriage?"

"No. But then my mother has such an air that she might go into the presence of the Grand Lama of Thibet and not scandalize anybody."

"Do you think I shall ever have a grand air?" she asked, after meditatively playing with the sugar-tongs for a few seconds.

"Yes, to be sure you will, in time. Well, to be quite frank, I don't think you ever will be quite as stately as my mother. She is a wonderful woman, but I think if I were not her son I should be afraid of her. I don't at all wish you to be like my mother. But in time I am sure you will be just as much at ease in your own way."

"No, Frank," she said, "I shall never have a grand air. I have not the making of a fine lady in me. You might as well hope that this tablecloth, with all its holes and its darns, would become cloth of gold in time. The dreadful thing about me is, not that I do the wrong thing, but that I don't know that I am doing it."

"Nonsense!" he replied, as gallantly as he could; "you know that such pretty people as you are cannot do the wrong thing. If the old Queen of Sheba could have seen your face instead of the back of your bonnet, he would have been silenced into admiration."

"My bonnet did at all events keep its color, whereas these poor silly cheeks, do

what I would, went fuming and boiling up into something more scarlet than that lobster in the window, or than—than anything. I would give a good deal to have those pale cheeks of your younger sister, the color just lies there for an instant, and then fades. It is so like a servant-maid to blush up to one's eyes."

"I wish you would not think about all that," said Frank.

"If we could always be alone together, I think I should be happy. Just now, when we sat hand in hand on the boat for those minutes, quiet by ourselves in the middle of such a beautiful world, I think I was more happy than I have ever been before. But it was all past when we landed among the people. It is something new and tiresome that has come over me; I never used to have these thoughts about myself. I suppose that is why I am so awkward, that I have not taken pains to think about what I ought to do. And now are you not coming home with me to Constantine Villas? You have been so kind and patient with me this afternoon.

"I am so very sorry," he answered, "that I absolutely promised to take my sisters out to a tiresome dance this evening. It is extremely awkward."

"Oh never mind," she said, with a little disappointed sigh, and allowed herself to be put into a hansom, which Frank carefully directed, and then dismissed.

CHAPTER IX.

A FEW days after this Jane came to pay her long-promised visit to Kensington. She arrived in the middle of the afternoon, was cordially received by the ladies, and was presently shown up to her room by Adelaide, who looked round to see whether she had everything she wanted, and then asked her, when she was ready, to find her way down to the drawing-room. They expected her to take off her hat and be with them in a few moments, but when ten minutes, and then a quarter of an hour, and then twenty minutes elapsed, Lady Priscilla began to speculate on the causes of her tarrying, and sent up a servant to say that the ladies were taking tea in the drawing-room, and hoped that she would join them. Jane then appeared in a total metamorphosis of her dress, with the aspect of one who has been unduly hurried. By the dim afternoon twilight they could not understand what it was that she had done to herself. When the lamp was brought in, while carefully avoiding seeming to examine her, and chatting

pleasantly all the time, it gradually dawned upon them that she had dressed herself thus prematurely for the evening. In point of fact this was the cause of her delay, but the garment itself was sufficiently nondescript to excuse their hesitation. She had not thought it right to go to the expense of new clothes at this time of year, and so she had allowed herself to be persuaded to do up a light lawn tennis merino with bows, so as to look quite smart. As Adelaide said afterwards to Edith, "It would have been quite a praiseworthy effort, if the bows had not contrived to be cerise."

The Capulets had to exercise their utmost powers of tact to preserve her from being conscious of her mistake in dressing so early. There was a good deal of eye-telegraphy, and then Edith carelessly left the room, in time to stroll in again, dressed for the evening before the others needed to retire. By this means Jane was not left alone, and the Capulets hugged themselves with the idea that she had not observed her own mistake. They were wrong, however, she had observed it, and had painfully exaggerated it. At dinner she sat between Frank and his father, and in the general kindness of the welcome she forgot her fears. Lady Priscilla had capitulated altogether, and nobody had now any other notion than to make Jane as comfortable as possible. But as soon as dinner was over, her trials began again.

"I hope," said Adelaide, that you have not told Jane the surprise that is awaiting her." And Frank protested that he had not.

"Then, dear," said Edith, "will you hurry up with me and get on your cloak, for I hear the carriage now at the door. Mamma cannot go, she is not very well, and Adelaide is staying with her, so I am going to be your chaperone, with Frank and papa."

It was not until they were in the carriage that Jane ventured to ask whither they were taking her. Edith again protested that it must be a secret, and they all smiled upon her with baffling sweetness. Mr. Capulett took her hand and held it so long that he forgot what it was, and threw it away from him in a fit of abstraction. They rolled on through the long defile of cabs and carriages till they came to Piccadilly, and Jane's conjectures were becoming more and more torturing. Suddenly she bethought herself that she had seen an advertisement of a classical concert that evening, the

bill of which had seemed to her very tempting, and she reflected that it could hardly be "inconsistent" to hear Bach and Pergolesi. How delightful of the Capulettis to divine what it was which she would like best! The drive seemed interminable, but she was too innocent to suspect that we do not go to the uttermost parts of the Strand to hear chamber music. The carriage stopped at last under a flaring portico. They were rapidly hustled out to allow the next comers to alight, and Jane entered with the rest, dimly conscious of two rows of ill-dressed, hungry-faced spectators, a windy flare of lamps, a bright procession of ladies with crape shawls, white and orange and grass-green. She found herself in a large vestibule, full of people in evening dress, and a proportion of men, whose expression vaguely appealed to her as non-classical. She began to be terribly embarrassed.

"What is this place, Frank?" she whispered, but at that moment he was apologizing to a lady whose voluminous train he had touched with his foot, and she received no answer. They descended down a corridor between blank walls, and then were suddenly ushered into a little room, very dark and mysterious, which had no wall on the side that faced them. There was a squeaking sound of the loud tuning of fiddles somewhere beneath them. Edith seated herself in the front of the box, and pulling a chair beside her forward for Jane, said, —

"Now you know where you are. But do you know what it is we are going to see? The first night of 'Cymbeline.' I dote on first nights, and we were so dreadfully afraid we were not going to get this box. The managers don't seem to remember papa quite as much as they used to do." Her pale cheeks were lighted up with enthusiasm, and as she peered down into the stalls, and surveyed the rapidly filling boxes, she prattled on, and never thought to notice that Jane was leaning back against the wall of the box, pale with dismay and perplexity. But Frank noticed it.

"I was so afraid you would not come if we told you," he whispered. "I did not tell them that you had never been to the theatre; in our play-going household no one would realize the possibility of such a thing. But here you are at last, and now the ice is broken, I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

But Jane was wretched. A scruple of conscience, inherited without reflection from a long line of ancestors, is not so

easily broken through, or defied with impunity. As the play proceeded, and as Edith gave herself up more and more to the intoxication of the evening, to that charm of the footlights which had been a second nature to her since she was a child, nothing but her politeness prevented her from showing how much Jane's coldness disappointed her. She put it down to want of intelligence, to an unsympathetic primness. Jane all the while was shrinking back as much into the darkness as possible. From a desire to avoid attention she fixed her eyes on the stage, but with a dull sort of terror on her which destroyed all pleasure. When there came a round of applause, or a lamp was broken by the excess of heat, her breath caught in her throat as if her sin had found her out.

She was not stupid, as Edith thought. She was saying to herself all the time, this frightened feeling is quite unreasonable — these people, and such as they, meet here every night, and go away unscathed — it is an old-fashioned and bigoted notion that there is any harm in all this, and if there were harm in it, it is not my fault, I was brought here unwittingly. She repeated these reflections to herself, and thought of Naaman in the house of Rimmon, but that did not make her happy. By-and-by the heat and the glare and the thin perfume of bergamot that rose from the stalls began to make her drowsy, so drowsy that she could scarcely keep her lids apart; and when the last rounds of prolonged applause had roused her, and the ladies drew their cloaks about them in the darkened box, she rose with a feeling of exquisite shame at her want of *savoir faire*. In the carriage going home Edith was almost silent. To Mr. Capulett's inquiry how Jane had enjoyed it, she answered with pathetic alacrity, "Oh! it was very amusing, thank you," and then sank back by Edith's side.

This feeling of discouragement, however, passed off with a good night's sleep, and Jane steeled herself to put her habits and prejudices aside, and to share, as far as her conscience would permit her, the ways and thoughts of her hosts. It must be said that on their side the Capulettis made every concession to her inexperience. There was not a word, a sign, to show that they noted any difference between her mode of doing things and their own. They were not ungenerous, and having fought against the alliance and having been worsted, their capitulation was final, and they were too well-bred to

keep up a sullen skirmishing on points of detail. None the less they felt, and could not prevent Jane from feeling doubly, the total unlikeness of her ideal of life from theirs; and if this prevented them from being entirely at their ease, it thwarted her at every turn and discouraged her at every moment. A great change came over her manner during the few days that she was with them. Her frank, almost bluff carriage, with its bright Amazonian charm, gave way to a hesitating, awkward manner, like that of a rather stupid child who is in the habit of being reproved for every action. When she was happy, and therefore natural and pleasing, was only when she was taken out of herself, when Edith allowed her to sit with her, and instead of trying to entertain her, became absorbed in her own harp practice, or when Frank and she read to one another in the library. Jane read aloud with propriety, not very prettily, but much more easily and intelligibly than the Miss Capuletts, who had not been taught to enunciate; Jane was shy of verse, which indeed she had little taste for, but she read prose without fatigue, and so as to give genuine pleasure. As she glided smoothly down the pages of "John Inglesant," Lady Priscilla, leaning her head luxuriously back among her cushions, could not banish the little secret thought, how much more welcome Jane would have been to her as a lady companion than as a daughter.

On the last night of Jane's visit, the Capuletts gave the musical party which had been the subject of conversation in the family for three weeks past. Jane's visit had been studiously arranged so as to include this entertainment, and she was constantly congratulated on it as a thing which would be sure to delight her. Her love of music was known, and she had already been taken to one afternoon public concert, which she had genuinely enjoyed without reserve. The party was carefully planned, and went off remarkably well. Lady Priscilla, whose neuralgia had left her at the first beck of personal excitement, labored for her guests with heroic forethought, aided by her genuine hospitality. When the ladies were gathered in state in the reception-room, while Frank and his father leaned over the mantelpiece and examined their shirt-fronts in the mirror, Lady Priscilla had time to glance round and pronounce that all was right before the first sound of wheels on the gravel set their pulses beating. Edith and Adelaide had taken the privilege of

future sisters to adapt Jane's dress more to their liking. They had taken off the dreadful cerise bows, they had dressed her hair more loosely, and they had arranged some pale chrysanthemums in the bosom of her dress.

The rooms were fairly large, a suite of three pieces opening into one another, and ending in a dim conservatory. Lady Priscilla had avoided the error of overcrowding them, and her company moved about with ease, in a comparative width of space which rendered it possible for the ladies to display their toilettes to advantage, and form in groups that were picturesque as well as entertaining. The music was installed in the large room, where after about an hour it became incessant. The Bishop of Wisbeach, who adored music, had been secured by a promise of hearing the *Dragonetta* play, and Lady Priscilla's only moment of dismay was felt when the prelate came and the pianiste delayed her coming. Jane Baxter sat on her sofa and watched the world around her with vast entertainment, herself but very little observed. The bishop, with his large, ugly mask, and the kind eyes behind it, sat beside her chatting for five minutes, and showed no sign of consciousness that she was a Dissenter. Sir Eusebius Holcroft, small and sparkling, and Lady Holcroft, large and sentimental, an inseparable pair, brought the blood to Jane's cheeks with a fresh thought of her maladroit invasion of Wycherley Passage, but they were not introduced to her, and her agitation subsided. Frank was gallant, and kept close beside her, telling her the names of the guests, and solicitous for her comfort and dignity; while the entrance of Mr Leyoncrona gave her the additional comfort of one friendly face to glance at.

At last it was evident to Jane, without any intelligence from Frank, that the guest of the evening had arrived. "Here she is at last, bishop," murmured Lady Priscilla to her cousin, as she swept in rustling beatitude towards the new-comer, and a little movement went through the rooms as if an event had occurred. Jane was fairly astonished at the entry of the *Dragonetta*. She was a tall, fierce personage, with a strident voice and a loud, uncompromising laugh. Her complexion had Jane knew not what of the perplexing and distressing in its vivid whites and reds. Her hair stood out in a multitude of rolls and loops, and her dress, which was the only really low one in the room, was a maze of lace and flamboyant emer-

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ald ribbands. She was pinched to a wasp-like slenderness at the waist, and her hands were encased up to the elbow in yellow gloves. But her garments were nothing in comparison with her manner, her incredible manner, and Jane watched her as if she were a brilliant insect of vast size, one bite of which would certainly be fatal. Presently the Dragonetta released herself from the circle of her admirers, laughing all the time to excess and showing her glittering teeth, and after curtsying in the most florid style to the bishop, she sat herself down at the grand piano with a preliminary crash of the keys that brought everybody crowding to the doorways. Frank made way for his guests, and retired to the outer room, where the plash of the little warm fountain in the conservatory rivalled the tenderer passages of the Dragonetta's performance in volume. Jane, meanwhile, was lost in wonder and delight, as the artist, now in her element, revealed the source of her fascination, as she brought out all the fire and romantic effect of a great sonata of Beethoven's. This, too, Jane saw, was a life that was lived to a good purpose, though so strangely distant from any ideal which had ever before come within her ken. And the final fugue, in the execution of which the pianiste's audacity and vigor carried her above all her contemporaries, was entirely missed by Jane, who sat lost in a wondering comparison between her own old life within its narrow, comfortable limits, and the new life that was opening before her such startling horizons.

From Temple Bar.

PAGANINI.

NICOLÒ PAGANINI was the greatest violin-player both of old and modern times, and his performances created such sensation among artists and amateurs, that no ordinary explanation of his talent would satisfy. Supernatural reasons were adduced to show how it was possible that mortal man should master an instrument to such a degree as to command tears and laughter, amazement and perplexity. Nicolò Paganini, who was called not only the Apollo but the Mephisto of the violin, came into the world heralded by a most angelic dream of his mother, wherein seraphs descended with their white wings to the couch of *mater* Paganini, to predict the advent of a child whose bow would wound more hearts than that of Cupid

himself, and who would astonish the world with his unprecedented artistic greatness.

His father was a poor man, but was musical, and he wished his son to learn music. Nicolò, his second son, born in 1784, seemed to do so without effort, and his father judging with great common sense that however great a disposition he had, his talents could only be fully developed by incessant study, made little Nicolò sit by his side while he was studying the solution of a lottery problem, and uninterruptedly practice the elements of violin-playing. What is that famous lottery problem? Poor people in Austria and Italy at that time, in Austria even to this day, were offered by government a chance of becoming suddenly rich by means of the State lottery, which insured to anybody who could guess out of the five numbers that are drawn every Saturday night, one, two, three, or even more numbers, a comparatively great bonus. For instance, when a man brought the number twenty-one and put a shilling on it, and the number was one of the five drawn by the end of the week, he received thirty shillings. If he fixed the order of its appearance, that is to say, if he intimated that it would appear the second or third, etc., and it did so appear as he predicted, then he got ninety shillings for the one shilling he had ventured. If two or even three numbers were guessed, the amount to be won was much more important. That hundreds of thousands must lose their shillings ere one wins, they all know very well, but each of them fancies he will be the one. Papa Paganini was governed by the same foolish mania which dominates some people in our days with regard to the gambling-table who always discover *une martingale*, a never-failing method — which by the merest accident always fails — to win at last, and even to break the bank by calculating all the probabilities. So while he sat speculating what numbers were bound to be drawn, Nicolò sat studying his own plans with regard to the strings and measurements of his little fiddle. Nobody would admit that by ordinary means a man could arrive at such unheard-of wonders of technique, and the immensity of his success is clearly proved by the inventions to which public opinion had recourse, so as to find a reason how the impossible had been rendered possible. So they said he had a pact with Lucifer — his violin was made out of the wood which served to make his father's coffin — that he murdered his wife, was imprisoned, and in the many years he was

locked up his perpetual study gave him his great superiority over all his rivals, etc. But he astonished his masters even when a child, and before he was old enough to have a wife to murder.

The tale of his being imprisoned for murder grew so persistently, that he took official steps to prove where he had been day by day, and established the most positive alibi; but as to his violin, he had a very ingenious means of proving that it was not endowed with special supernatural qualities by Lucifer, for when he played at Milan he passed his fiddle to another violinist, who of course could not do more with it than with his own, while Paganini took out of the hands of a member of the orchestra the violin he played on, and amazed the audience, but especially the owner of the instrument, by the wonders he produced on it.

It may not be quite out of place to say here that all stringed instruments played with a bow were at first called viola. Those that were held between the legs (violoncello) viola da gamba, those that were held in the arms viola da braccia. The smaller instrument then received the Italian diminutive name violino, whereas the name of viola remained for the bigger alto. It is said that the first violin was made by a Breton, Jean Kerlin, in 1449, and yet we find, barely one hundred years later, the men born who were to be known as the most famous violin-makers, and whose instruments to this day fetch enormous prices, viz., Andrea and Nicolo Amati. Jerome, son of Andrea, made the very violin which Paganini used to astonish his audiences with. Amati's pupil, Stradivarius, died in 1774, at the age of eighty-three, still working during that year; and it is well known that no later maker ever reached the perfection of those two grand firms.

It is rather a strange coincidence that Tartini (1692-1770), who died before the days of Paganini, and whose life was filled with most interesting adventures, should have produced a most surprising concert piece, and have found it necessary (perhaps his friends thought it convenient to invent the story) to relate that at the age of twenty-one he had a dream, in which Lucifer appeared to him and played a piece so full of diabolical effects, that on awaking he tried to retain and note down all the passages. It is not impossible that this precedent of inspiration from the lower world gave rise to the belief in Paganini's almost supernatural powers of execution.

Those who have heard Paganini play, fascinated as they have been by his execution, and amazed at the facility with which his prodigious dexterity overcame unheard-of difficulties, although he never lacked the most admirable purity of intonation, had yet to admit that the audiences of every country where he appeared, were most impressed by the deep feeling, the passionate interpretation, the tears and, I quote from an earwitness, the diabolical laughter, he could command whenever he chose to make his instrument speak. It is very strange that I should write these lines on the 18th of February, the very day when Paganini was born before the rays of sun became visible, and whilst it was yet night, as becomes so mighty a star.

If the son moved hearts, the father moved portmanteaus and packing-cases; but though in the humble station of a porter, his passion for music, as is so often the case with Italians, was such, that he bought first a mandoline, an instrument which could be acquired cheaply and learned easily, and which he taught himself and his little boy. This probably accounts for Paganini's later proficiency on the guitar, an instrument on which he is said to have produced as unprecedented effects as he did on the violin, only that the short, contracted sound of the guitar is incapable of the surging, the swelling and ebbing effect of the violin, so that, *ceteris paribus*, the greatest virtuoso on the guitar will never be able to produce anything like the effects of the violin.

Having given an extremely slight idea of the origin of the violin, I may perhaps be allowed to say what a number of learned heads may regard as great nonsense. I will therefore proceed with caution, so as to compromise myself as slowly as possible. The guitar and the harp, instruments which seem to take us back as far as Jewish music, used to be, until the second quarter of this century, very fashionable in London; and surely it is difficult to imagine any instrument with which the grace of a handsome woman can be more poetically combined than the harp. I remember, some twenty-five years back, meeting at the Duchess of Somerset's, in Park Lane, a young lady who was a perfect picture, bent forward towards her harp, her pretty hands most gracefully causing the strings to vibrate. She not only looked a seraph, chanting the praise of the Lord, but in truth she played with wonderful skill and charm. It was my privilege then often to accompany her,

and once we played a duet, when her mother came in and said, "Really, it is too lovely! and do you know what a solemn day this is? To-day Gladys, look at her, she is coming of age; isn't she old?" And she was so pretty, and, notwithstanding her twenty-one years, she blushed so deeply. Blushed and was twenty-one — to-day she is a grandmother!

The instrument, as I said, was so much used in the earlier half of this century, that one of the great music publishers of London told me, when he took the business from his father, the most valuable part of their stock was Hoxa's harp music. However, the inexorable tyrant fashion has driven it out of the *salon*, and very nearly out of the concert-room, to be replaced by that other universal tyrant the piano, which in its turn will probably have to give way to some other favorite of the capricious goddess. The guitar, which now occupies us, as being one of the preferred instruments of Paganini, is, in my humble idea, of the most ancient origin. We find in that oldest of all records, the Old Testament, Jubal, "the father of all those who made music," was the inventor of an instrument called kinnor or kinra. This instrument, called in Arab *kisra* and *kitra*, I have seen engraved on two Jewish coins in the British Museum, and there it resembles an instrument in olden times in use with a South African tribe (the Berbers); Niebuhr, the famous German decipherer of hieroglyphs, describes it in his journey through Syria. However that may be, the Arabs having made that *kitra* their portable musical companion, the Moors brought it to Spain, and there it was called *kittara*. If you compare to this what you might call a guitar, to be played lying horizontally on the table, and which is called in German *cittar* or *zither*, and if you take the old harp, which is, so to say, a perpendicular guitar, — for those harps had neither the power nor the tone of our Erard's double-action harps, — and if you look at one of those ancient instruments, the Dalway harp, exhibited in South Kensington in 1872, inscribed, "Ego sum Regina Cithararum" (the same word), 1621 — in fact, if you take the whole family of these pinched-string instruments together, the guitar does, I venture to suppose, really come from the Syrian *kinra* (Syrian and Hebrew are not very different from each other), so that the guitar seems to be one of the most ancient instruments known. Of course modern times have improved and perfected it, and its first cousin the modern

harp, the instrument which Pencerd Gwallia (John Thomas, the harpist to the Queen), plays, is slightly different from the one on which King David composed the music to his immortal Psalms.

The first tuition that Paganini received then was, as in Mozart's case, from his father. But Mozart's father understood the violin thoroughly, whilst Paganini's father loved it, but understood it not. Nothing, however, is easier than to teach a genius. Madame Patti never had a singing-master but her brother Ettore. This is just what Greek mythology teaches us. Genius jumps all armed out of Jupiter's brains, not like common mortals without a rag, and having to work hard or to receive from charity wherewith to cover their skin, but dressed, attired, armed, wanting no tuition, no help, ready for the fray of life. It was thus that at six years he began playing on a fiddle, and at eight he already wrote a sonata so difficult that nobody could play it. Again, we find the same trait in little Mozart's concerto for the piano, which was objected to on account of its difficulty, when the little man replied: "That is why it is a concerto; let those who can't play it, study until they can play it." The child was very nervous because the father was very severe with him. But Nicolo, even in his childhood, always searched for some *tours de force*. Of course the father very soon saw that he could not teach his son, who in no time had learnt more than the father ever knew himself. So he took him to Gervasoni, who declared that no ordinary master could guide a pupil of such genius, and he must go to Rolla, the great violin-player. To Rolla then they repaired; but the great man was ill in bed, and while the father went to speak to him, the son, seeing a violin with a large manuscript on the table, took up the fiddle and played at sight the concerto of which Rolla had left the manuscript in the room. Rolla, in bed, hearing the performance, asked who was the *virtuoso* who played in the other room a concerto bristling with difficulties, as if he had studied it for a long time. When he was told that it was a boy eight years old, who was brought to him to take lessons: "If that is a boy," said Rolla, "who at that tender age plays as he does, don't come to me to teach him, because he has nothing more to learn; at any rate I can teach him nothing."

I cannot refrain from telling here what one of the most talented *charlatans* of our time told me with a similar purport. Jullien, to whom this country thirty years

ago owed much with regard to orchestral music, was certainly to all outward sign a charlatan. The faces which he made when conducting, the studied preparation of his appearance, his over-embroidered shirt-front in French cambric, and, to put it mildly, the exaggeration of the stories he used to tell, misled a number of people into thinking he was nothing but a humbug. But it happens very often that in outward habits and manner a man may be a humbug, yet seriously and profoundly able where his proper work is concerned. Frenchmen have a tendency towards these comedies, their greatest poet, Victor Hugo, not excepted. When a gentleman wished to make Hugo's acquaintance, and had for the purpose procured a letter of introduction sufficiently powerful for Victor Hugo to grant the request and receive him, he always took the preliminary precaution of learning the station, the position, the political principles of the man who was to be introduced; and it is a fact that according to such information, Victor Hugo made his entry either in deep thought, with his right hand in his waistcoat, pointing to the heart with a Napoleonic air, or he burst in, both hands outstretched towards the new-comer as if he had expected him for ten years; or else, with Orleanists *par excellence*, he came in with a *soi-disant* bourgeois air, while with republicans he acted the "liberté, fraternité, égalité" business, represented by an uncommon *laissez aller*.

As to Mystic Wagner, who was so long a miserably poor man, and who the moment he disposed of a half-mad king's purse had his "ambrosia" mysteriously set before him, and drank his nectar only out of a solid gold cup—nobody doubts his genius, notwithstanding his charlatanism. In a smaller way such was Jullien. The story he told me of his beginning the study of music is too good to be lost. "When I was twelve years old," Jullien said, "I played the flute and the fiddle without ever having learnt either. I then thought I should like to become a great composer, and to try my hand I wrote a grand mass. Musicians who saw it, advised my father to send me to the Conservatoire, and let me study under a great master. Accordingly I went to the Rue Bergère, and asked for the day and hour when Monsieur Cherubini, the learned Directeur du Conservatoire, consented to receive pupils: 'Jeudi à trois heures,' cried the concierge. Accordingly at the appointed hour I went, taking my last work with me. When I entered the

cabinet of the director I trembled as his eagle eye fixed upon my small countenance. 'Que veux-tu?' he shouted. 'Apprendre la musique,' I said very humbly. 'Qu'est-ce que tu as là?' he said, pointing to my music. 'Oh, une bagatelle,' I said, 'une messe que j'ai faite.' Again he looked at me as if he would pierce me. He took the manuscript, looked at it, then read it attentively. 'C'est toi qui as fait cela?' he asked rather brusquely. 'Yes,' I said. 'Que veux-tu apprendre?' he asked, and then with a patronizing move of his right hand, he said: 'Va-t'en, tu es la musique!'" One must have known Cherubini, his conceit and undoubtedly his deep science, the intolerance with which he would not allow that any other great composer existed, to understand the boldness of this story, that such a man would so speak to such a boy: "What can you learn? Go, you are music itself!" Which, as I said before, did not prevent Jullien being a man of remarkable talent, and having in promenade concerts just that effect upon the masses which serious simplicity would never have accomplished.

It was then deemed advisable to let young Nicolo come before the public and play after his own fashion. He gave his first concert when nine years old, and, what is more, he played variations of his own on the great revolutionary air "La Carmagnole," which had accompanied the victorious banners of the French republic all over Europe. He soon found that his immoderate desire to do what no other artist could accomplish rendered it indispensable that he should study with an extraordinary perseverance. He therefore worked ten to twelve hours a day uninterruptedly, until he could overcome what until then had been called insurmountable difficulties. At fifteen he was already the greatest violinist known, and he went to Paer, not to learn composition, which he had at his fingers' end, so to say, by privileged birthright, but to learn orchestration. His father kept him so severely, that the one idea of young Nicolo was to throw off the paternal yoke and be free. The means to reach that end were not judiciously chosen. He made the acquaintance of a set of gamblers, who not only made him believe that with his cleverness he would win at every game, a trap into which so many young men too easily fall; but they let him win a little money from themselves, and then introduced him to a number of marquises and viscounts, who were no other but their

own gang. Not only did he lose all his money, his watch, a valuable one which had been presented to him by a cardinal, but he lost even his violin, and moreover signed away a sum which he had risked in order to recoup himself. People often ask how it is that with equal chances a gambling-bank always wins while the *pointeurs* lose. To this there are two answers. First, the chances are not equal, the bank keeping one or two combinations beyond the ordinary chances in its own favor; and then the bank does not get excited as the gambler does, who only remains quiet when he wins but gets anxious and unreasonably hot when he loses, the first and fatal consequence of which is that he always doubles in order to *rat-traper* his lost money. Winning therefore simple stakes, and losing double and quadruple sums, the issue cannot be doubtful. Paganini, an over-excitable south-Italian nature, fifteen years old, in the hands of experienced professional gamblers, as I stated, of course was cleared out, and did not know how to make a *bajocco*, as he had lost his instrument. His father either had nothing and could not, or would not, give him anything. There he was in despair, when a *deus ex machina* appeared in the form of a Monsieur Livron, who lent him a violin made by Guarnerius, on which Nicolo first performed in public a series of very difficult studies, which he had composed in 1797, when thirteen years old. It was a revelation, and he was covered with triumphant applause. When he returned to Monsieur Livron, thanking him with tears in his eyes for the loan of the instrument with which he had freed himself from all embarrassments, and at the same time giving back the violin which had been so generously lent to him, Monsieur Livron said: "God forbid that I should accept this instrument back and profane the strings which your immortal fingers have touched. Pray do me the honor to keep it forever, and may it always be the witness of similar triumphs." Being thus doubly emancipated, freed from the tyrannical ill-treatment of his father, he made a grand artistic journey through Italy, Pisa, and Lucca, witnessing the first victories of the greatest executant of his age. He then went to Venice to give his first concert during the Santa Marta, and I need scarcely add, with enormous success.

Here let me pause a little, and give you a brief *aperçu* of this most poetical and most interesting of all public feasts. Of

course you know Venice, and the Piazza di San Marco, and the church with the Campanile, and the Palace of the Doges, with the lions into whose mouths anonymous denunciations were cast, none the less terrible and fatal for that; and you have been shown the Piombi, where, on the roof, the prisoners were exposed to the fearful heat of the sun's rays, to be suddenly thrown down below into the ice-cold cellars, whence they were brought into the council-chamber, condemned, and prudently led over the Ponte dei Sospiri (Bridge of Sighs), and from thence, with one quick jerk, thrown down into the water; or else they were led to kiss the *panna*, a mechanical contrivance, which, the moment a prisoner was pushed into the room, got up with outstretched arms to welcome the unhappy man, these arms being two trenchant swords, which caught the neck on each side, cutting the body into two halves.

All these terrible tales of the republic, an obliging guide reminds you of as he takes you through the palace into that dreadful council-chamber, where are all the doges' portraits in long rows, interrupted only in one place by a black tablet, on which you read the words, "Hic est locus Marini Falieri, decapitati pro criminibus," representing Marino Faliero, who had conspired to suppress the republic, and make himself its king, but was betrayed and found out, and, at eighty years, decapitated as the tablet states. All these horrors shrink away as you come down again into the warm Italian sun, and enter San Marco, which in remembrance every year of the marriage between the republic and the ocean, has its floor entirely built in wave-forms, so that you have to be very careful how you walk, not to stumble at every minute up hill or down hill.

Paganini naturally could not avoid pressing invitations to Paris; but he first accepted a permanent position at the court of Lucca, where, it is said, he fell madly in love with one of the *dames du palais*, whose unbounded admiration of Paganini's genius made him believe that his passion was reciprocated. It is not exactly known whether this was so, but owing to his extremely nervous organization and weak constitution, exhausted after a certain time by a series of concerts, it was his habit to withdraw for a short time from public performance, to gather new strength and energy. It is of such temporary retirement that his enemies, jealous of his unprecedented successes, took advantage to say, first, that he murdered

his wife — which would have been difficult to prove, since he never had a wife — and then, that he risked prematurely a declaration of love to the aforementioned lady, and that she, complaining of his impertinence, obtained an order for his incarceration for three months. Since her admiration for the artist was well known, and the only doubt is whether she did not adore the man as well, and since in no country does there exist a law to imprison a man for his feelings, so long as he does not allow himself to be led away into actions incompatible with a gentleman, the story is on the face of it untrue. Beyond the improbability of the affair, Paganini, hearing of the accusation, proved the falsity of the story, and it collapsed at once.

Paganini received decorations from many sovereigns, as might be expected in the career of so extraordinary an artist. But his being appointed *capitaine de gens d'armes*, and going to court in his quasi-military uniform, with his extraordinary pale face and long black curls, naturally led people to banter him immoderately.

Celebrity has a strange attraction for ladies. About Paganini, however, so many strange tales have been told, that one never knows what to believe. He disappeared for three years, not from the world, but from the public platform. He reappeared with a quantity of duets for violin and guitar, and although a man of such skill on both instruments might, in the common course of composition, have written duets for his two chosen instruments, there is a generally accredited legend that he passed three years in the bonds of tenderness and secrecy with a lady who played the guitar to perfection, and that he wrote all these duets for her, or to speak more accurately, for their mutual performance. An interesting revelation in Paganini's life belongs to this period. He had gambled again and lost everything, and he was offering to sell his violin, estimated at £200, to a rich amateur for £80. But on the point of accepting, he discovered in his waistcoat pocket thirty francs, with which he thought he would for yet once more try his luck. How many such "last times" gamblers try, to be sure! He lost all his little money down to a half crown, with which he won, played eleven times after each other *quitté à double*, and eleven times he won. Then he took up £250 he had gained, got up, and never touched a card any more.

In Ferrara his life was in danger. A singer, Marcolini, disappointed him at the last moment, and the whim seized him to ask a dancer whom he knew, a Signora Pallerini, to fill the time between his solos with a *pas seul*. She pleased the audience, but suddenly a whistle was heard from the gallery; Paganini coming on, announced that he would give an imitation of different animals, which he did with great cleverness, particularly the nightingale; when just as he was about finishing, he advanced to the footlights and said, "Questo è per quelli che han fischiato" (That's for the whistlers), at the same time, with all possible clearness, following a high note with a low one several times, and distinctly producing "hee haw — hee haw!"

The Ferrarese peasants, who filled the gallery, taking this as an insult to them, were down in a moment, over the orchestra, on to the stage, so that flight by the back door and immediate departure from Ferrara was the only means to save Paganini from the infuriated mob.

He happened to play before the princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon I., when his *chanterelle* (the E string) snapped. Whether accident or his own design, the A broke after this, and he played so wonderfully on the two remaining strings a duet between two lovers, that the princess said to him: "You do such incredible things, Monsieur Paganini, with two strings, that I am almost sorry that the D string didn't give way too, so as to leave you only one string. I should have liked to see what it is possible even for a sorcerer like you to do on the G alone." "Qu'à cela ne tienne," said Paganini with the greatest equanimity, and he coolly took the D off, and began his famous variations on the "Prayer of Mosè" on the G alone. It is useless to try and give a description of the amazement, not to say stupefaction, of his hearers at this unparalleled feat, and of the admiration which followed the first surprise, when they saw what a man's hand could do with one string. True it was *that* man's hand.

This reminds us how another sovereign, on a similar occasion, asked little Mozart if he could play the piano while the keyboard was covered with a silk handkerchief; his doing so created more sensation than his serious performances. A sad moral attaches to this, that people prefer being amused to being touched or enchanted. Take up a paper or a magazine, and point out a very clever but serious

article, and one equally clever but full also of fun. How many readers will the latter secure in comparison to the former? Ten to one, I should say! I pass over a series of concerts given in many towns with invariable success. In 1827 the pope bestowed the order of the Golden Spur on Paganini, the same decoration having been conferred more than fifty years before on the child Mozart. The Austrian ambassador in Rome was so deeply impressed with Paganini's playing, that he insisted on his going to Vienna, and giving that ultra-musical town a chance of hearing the greatest performer of the century. Never shall I forget what everybody who had heard him told me afterwards of the impression he then created. Men and women went mad about him. While he played, the greatest violin authorities known in Vienna — violinists of European fame like Mayseder, Boehm, etc., stood there perfectly annihilated, the head drooping, the tears in their eyes, as if the revelation of Paganini's playing had shown them how small they were, and Boehm said to an old friend of mine, who often afterwards repeated it: "I should consider myself wanting, not in modesty but in common decency, if ever I played in public again." Startled by this expression, my friend went to a *café*, where in Vienna nearly all friends meet — the universal theme there of course being Paganini, when suddenly the door opened, and an old gentleman, a government *employé*, well known to the *habitués* for his quiet habits, entered the *café* carrying in his hand a dusty violin-box, and observing to his friend: "You see it is thirty years since I played on my violin, but I am really happy to have found it again. I am going to have new strings put on it, and I will have a go at it afresh. When one hears such heavenly playing as Paganini's, whatever can even in a remote degree remind you of it, is welcome." What different impressions made on the great artist and on the old amateur!

The mania to do honor to Paganini by putting his portrait anywhere, went so far at Vienna, that gloves, hats, rings, coats, pins, anything and everything was called Paganini. He used to have a *fiacre* whose driver did not know him, who turned out to be an Italian; he asked Paganini, whether he could give him a lucky number. "What for?" asked Paganini, who remembered his father's unprofitable efforts. "I have a countryman," said the driver, "who seems to set the town on fire with his fiddle; I have made up my

mind to hear him, but having a family I can't save enough of my daily earnings to buy a ticket, so I will try the lottery." "If you promise," said Paganini, "never to gamble in the lottery, I will try and get you a ticket. Fetch me to-night at seven, and if I can I will give you an admission." It is easy to guess that Paganini, after having been driven to the theatre where he played, told the driver to put up his horses and come back to the concert. The driver did so. And so overcome was he when he saw that the great artist was himself his daily fare, he got so over-excited, in his national pride and enthusiasm, that he waited Paganini's exit from the stage door, fell on his knees before him, and covered his hands with tears. From the highest to the lowest they all lost their heads over him.

Here is a postscript to this story. A few days after this great event in the driver's life, he came to Paganini and said he had a great favor to ask. No, no money, no present, yet a great favor — would Paganini allow him to paint his cab in the Italian colors, and to inscribe Paganini's name on it, and to say to every customer that it was in his cab that Paganini used to drive to his concerts? Paganini could not well refuse, and so enchanted was he with this simple soul's enthusiasm, that he who had seen princesses almost at his feet, offered to buy the horse for him, which did not belong to the driver. But this the driver frankly refused, too happy to carry the glorious name of his countryman as a crest on his cab.

Paganini left Vienna for Paris, carrying everything before him there as everywhere; making a great fortune, which continually accumulated, because he spent very little, which brought him a reputation for avarice. The reader shall judge whether the following fact is not a powerful and absolute disproof of the unkind suspicion. Berlioz was, at the time of Paganini's appearance in Paris, giving concerts in order to make himself known as a composer. In this periodical I have before stated what struggles this genius had to go through, ere he could gain that recognition, so universally granted him since his death. At a concert where he conducted that great work of his, the "Symphonie Fantastique," which the public was perhaps not so well able at the time to appreciate as well as some of the musicians of the Paris Conservatoire, Berlioz, crowned with the applause of his own orchestra, and nearly overcome by the excitement of his own work, was just going

to lay down his *bâton* and withdraw, when a livid, glaring, fantastic, bony individual, looking the very hero of the "Symphonie Fantastique," slowly approached him, his eyes glowing with a fire almost indicative of madness. He walked slowly, as if dragging himself up to the conductor's desk, took Berlioz by the hand, threw himself on the floor before him, and in the worst Italian accent called: "Tou es ouñ Diou!" The reader guesses that it was Paganini. Next day he sent Berlioz the following short but telling letter: "Messieurs Rothschild have order to pay Monsieur Berlioz at sight twenty thousand francs as a feeble acknowledgment for the happiness which his genius has conferred on his sincere admirer PAGANINI." I have travelled much, and seen much of artists rewarded by sovereigns and other rich people, but I am free to say that I have never heard of a similar case of generosity so nobly offered. And that man has been called a miser!

Three years later Paganini returned to Vienna. He found that the enthusiasm of the Vienna audience had not in the least cooled down; and when after his first piece, the famous rondo in B minor with the little bell accompaniment, he bowed himself out, an enormous bouquet fell at his feet from a box whence the most uproarious applause had greeted him all the time. Curious and grateful, he smilingly looked up: whom did he behold? His driver with his family. The Italians are known to be a thrifty, economical people. The luck which Paganini's name on the cab had brought the driver was such that he made a small fortune in three years. The desire of knowing everything about the great violinist caused people to ask the man, who paraded his name all through the town, for a number of details of Paganini's life. Probably he related a great deal more than he knew; but by sticking to what he had said, and always repeating it, he soon learned his own lesson, which passed into history, and I should not be at all surprised if at last he himself believed every word of it, and was seriously offended if any one doubted the accuracy of his details.

Paganini, besides performing wonders on his two instruments, was an excellent musician, and in Italy, especially at Lucca, he had frequently to conduct the orchestra whenever the court appeared. It was at the palace of Lucca that he played a sonata called "Napoleon," in honor of the beloved sister of the great emperor, who was at that time Princess of Lucca.

This sonata was written for one string only, and the sensation which he created with it was such that a cantata by Cimarosa, which followed, produced no effect whatever. As I said before, amusing and exciting performances will be better liked than works of serious but quiet merit. The noble symphony which Beethoven christened "Napoleon," in admiration of that great man, the child of the greatest revolution known, did not keep this name long, for, when Beethoven heard that Napoleon had made himself emperor, he, the staunch republican, scratched out the name of Napoleon, and rechristened his work "Sinfonia Eroica."

He excited the greatest admiration, and reaped a rich harvest in nearly every German town, so much so in Berlin that he said, "J'ai retrouvé mon public de Vienne." Here, too, they painted his portrait on gloves, inside hats, and stuck his bust on sticks and cigar-cases; they even called a certain back stroke *coup de billard Paganini*. He returned to Italy very rich, and was asked to play before the widow of the great Napoleon, the princess Maria Louisa of Parma. He fell ill, however, and had the luck to meet with a landlord who imagined that Paganini had an infectious disease, and with great humanity transported him bed and all down-stairs before the door, and left him in the street, where, after a short time, Paganini's great friend, the violoncellist Ciandelli, found him. He did instantly what was wanted. First of all he brought down the landlord, and gave him such a thrashing that he had to be carried up-stairs; he then brought Paganini to his own villa, where he was carefully and tenderly nursed, and where he soon recovered his health.

Paganini, eccentric in so many things, had, also, an eccentric system of curing himself. There was in the beginning of this century a French physician who acquired some reputation because he published a book in which he certified that a certain remedy was sure to cure every disease, even if supposed to be incurable. There is never a fool who does not meet with a bigger fool who thoroughly believes in him, and this Leroy ruined a number of constitutions by the immoderate application of his remedy. Of course the name of such an exceptional patient was instantly published, and at the same time a number of pretentious patent medicines were advertised all over Europe. Thus it came to pass that Paganini, who, whatever his ailment may have been, refused to

see a doctor, took his draught by the pint, and of course weakened and injured himself very much. Whether his death, at the age of fifty-four (he died on May 27th, 1840,) was caused by it or not, certain it is, that it did him considerable harm. Paganini was intelligent and cunning, two qualities not always combined, because, even with men of great *esprit*, common sense is a rare gift. Nevertheless he was too easily wrought on, and his family and his poor countrymen in foreign lands took base advantage of his riches. He showed his cunning in an amusing way with his French rival, Lafont. The vanity of Frenchmen is proverbial, although not universal, for I have known a number of them not only most unselfish, sincere friends, but modest to a degree; for one instance, take the great composer Halévy, who would never believe in his own merit. But when they are vain, they excel all others, like their king Louis XIV., who called himself the sun (*le roi soleil*). Lafont was an excellent violinist, and came to Milan to give a concert. Lafont heard that Paganini was in town, and straightway he went to him and asked him to appear with himself at his concert, and play a double concerto. It would be so kind, and would show that he (Paganini) was not jealous. No, he would not mind, Paganini said, and he was not jealous. Lafont, certain of his superiority, put out all his strength at the rehearsal to crush his rival. Paganini only played when it was necessary to indicate the time for the accompaniment. Lafont, who expected a great advertisement from the musical duel, filled the house to its utmost capacity. But what was his astonishment when in the evening Paganini played in double stops what Lafont had played in single notes, made a hundred notes in a cadenza where Lafont had played twenty, and where Lafont performed only with accuracy and grace, Paganini *transporta l'auditoire*, according to a Frenchman's own account, so that next morning, Lafont, discovering that he had forgotten his best bow in Paris, precipitately strapped his portmanteau, and left for France.*

Paganini met in his travels a young singer full of talent, Signora Antonia Bianchi, whom he engaged to sing between his solos. They travelled five years to-

gether, got very much attached to each other, and an undeniable proof of their mutual consideration was forthcoming on July 23rd, 1825.

Those who have heard him in London in 1834, some six years before his death, say that the indescribable enthusiasm which his playing created was somewhat damped by the exaggerated prices of admission; but that was not Paganini's fault, his tickets were bought up by speculators, who resold at the highest prices they could screw out of the buyers. I knew that one of the greatest violinists I have heard told me that Paganini's studies were at the time so unusual and so difficult that they were considered an enigma which very few undertook to solve, and it would be interesting to know how many would now be able to solve it in a satisfactory manner. He played on two, even on three strings at the time, without doing what Ole Bull did, cut the bridge straight; he played arpeggi in double stops, or made a series of staccati marking the melody in pizzicato. He passed, as I have before said, for having achieved such supernatural *tours de force* by a supernatural pact, and the superstition of some people who credited this nonsense went so far, that a lady who heard him in Italy, and would not believe that any human being could so far surpass all his fellow creatures without extraordinary means, followed him to the stage door, where stood his cab with a black horse; she swore he never touched the ground, that there was a fiery cart with two black horses, and he went away through the air. So in Italy they told little Mozart that it was his bewitched ring which accomplished all his feats on the piano, until he took off the ring, and quietly put it on the desk. In an unpublished letter of Vieuxtemps, this great violinist, when at the age of fourteen he heard Paganini here in London, seems unable to give an idea of his admiration and delight at Paganini's performance of "Le Streghe" (The Witches). In one paragraph he says: "His bow was fabulous in rapidity; his certainty stupefying, never even a doubtful note; he was infallible." Vieuxtemps, one of the most remarkable composers for the violin during the second quarter of our century, and himself one of the great celebrities, says in that letter: "How can I give an opinion of him, *moi, pygmée ?*"

Paganini, in the boldness of his new ideas and in their execution, in his harmonics in thirds and sixths, was amazing.

* Lafont's playing was of irreproachable purity, but quite devoid of spontaneity. A short time after the event related above, he met with an accident, being thrown from a *diligence* which was upset, and he was killed on the spot.

When he played the prayer from "Mosè" on the G string alone, he took the baritone voice as written, then the soprano voice an octave higher, and led into the major part with such triumphant power, that Rossini, who had composed it, said it was doubtful whether Paganini did not effect as much on the one violin string as all the singers in the theatre put together. I believe it is generally known that Rossini, when writing that prayer in G minor, accidentally dipped his pen in a medicine bottle which stood open by the side of the ink, made a blot in form of a natural on his paper, and therefrom conceived the idea of having the minor mode followed by that glorious conclusion in G major. It is not easy to see the reason (but many things happen of which we cannot see the reason), yet it is a fact that notwithstanding the unprecedented sensation which Paganini created for forty years, he was nervous every time he had to appear before an audience. Yet he knew well to what an extent he could depend on the enthusiasm of the public, for once, in a small town in Italy, a friend said to him, "If you wish to have a full room, don't double your prices;" "No," he said, "je les triple," and he did; and an overcrowded room was the consequence. One of his most disastrous triumphs, if I may so call it, he had when playing at Lord Holland's. Some one asked him to improvise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs away, becomes a highwayman, falls in love with a girl who will not listen to him, so he leads her to a wild country site, suddenly jumping with her from a rock into an abyss where they disappear forever. He listened quietly, and, when the story was at an end, he asked that all the lights should be extinguished. He then began playing, and so terrible was the musical interpretation of the idea which had been given to him, that several of the ladies fainted, and the *salon* when relighted looked like a battlefield.

It has been said of him that he was the sole interpreter of an art that was born and died with him. To hear him do what seemed impossible, harmonic shakes on two strings at the time, and similar unheard-of difficulties, and to see the effect he produced on the audience, whose eyes hung on his bow, whose intense attention he held spellbound, whose hearts he played with, whose tears he commanded, it is difficult to doubt the above opinion. Without servility, he had respect for every class of his public, his motto being: *I*

grandi non temo e li umili non sdegno (I fear not the great ones, nor do I disdain the humble ones). He was a great man, in the broad sense of the word, and all that jealousy, small gossip, and petty envy could invent, cannot make the man smaller. He maintained his family, whose demands were indiscreet to a degree, in brilliant fashion; he gave innumerable concerts for the poor, and on many occasions gave proof of a large and liberal mind. He cared little for the persecution of ecclesiastical authorities. Until the entry of Victor Emmanuel in Rome, they maintained the Holy Inquisition, which, if it did not burn the people in the public square as they did in Philip II.'s time, under his kind-hearted minister the Duke of Alva, meddled with everything that any wealthy Catholic did, and took the basest advantage of the confession of servants to pry into the private life of their masters. Yet because Paganini did not give big sums to churches or priests, they, the priests, caused one of the greatest scandals known in modern times at his death. He was at Nice, suffering from a phthisis laryngis, and the doctor gave him no hope. I do not know whether he was asked to see a priest and refused, or whether he was not asked, in order not to draw his attention to his death being so imminent. Suffice it he got worse. During the evening he would have no light in the room, but suddenly he asked that his curtains might be opened, looked at the moonshine with a happy expression, then he demanded the constant companion of his life and his travels, his violin. With a feeble yet determined hand he got hold of it, beckoned for his bow to be given to him. He began to draw a long note on his favorite sympathetic G string, and, playing, he passed away, quietly, without suffering, dreaming of celestial harmonies which he had himself evoked so many times in the breasts of his hearers.

When he was dead, you would have thought the simplest thing would be to bury him. Not so. The Bishop of Nice forbade it, and sent a report to Rome, where a commission of inquiry into the Catholicity of Paganini was instituted, which inquiry resulted in a refusal to have him buried in consecrated ground. Mournful as it may appear, *five years* passed over this dispute, before his son — who was made a baron in Germany — through connections, and the sacrifice of great sums of money, obtained permission to have a service read for him at Parma, in the Chiesa Steccata, built for the Knights

of St. George, after which he transported the coffin which contained his father's body into the country, to his Villa Gajona, and there buried him in May, 1845, when he had died on May 27th, 1840. And that in the nineteenth century!

During Paganini's lifetime in Paris, he had a *passé d'armes* with the famous *bourgeois de Paris* (Dr. Véron), from 1830-1840 director of the Opéra, Rue Lepelletier, and who had the good fortune to produce Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," which proved to be the most attractive work for the treasurer that was ever brought out in Paris. Monsieur le docteur Véron was the very type of Sardou's *faux bonshommes*. Always placid and smiling, pretending to be the embodiment of the *bourgeois de Paris*, there was not under the sun a more selfish man, or a man who more studied his own pleasure and enjoyment. Being director of the Opéra, and knowing the immense "draw" Paganini would be, he made up his mind to invite him to play at the Opéra some evening. For the doctor was a great patron of art and of artists when he could get something out of it. He sent his secretary to Monsieur Paganini, to express the happiness it would be to Monsieur Pierre Véron to introduce Paganini to the *haute volée* of Paris, "terms no object," shrewdly calculating that by this candid liberality he would get him cheaper.

Paganini at the appointed hour called on the director, and was horrified to find that instead of "terms no object," they were the principal object, and that he was offered the sixth of the net receipts, so that if say eight thousand francs were received, and forty-five hundred deducted for costs, the remaining thirty-five hundred would be divided into five-sixths for the director, and one-sixth, *i.e.*, less than five hundred francs, or £20, for himself. "Is that not magnificent?" asked Véron. "It is magnificently shabby," said the outraged Italian. "Will you name your own terms?" asked flexible Véron. "The half of the gross receipts," said Paganini. "What!" said Véron, "I am to pay all the expenses, and you to take half of all the profits without being liable for expenses? Do you think I'm a fool?" "I did not send for you," said Paganini, "you sent for me." "True," said Véron, "and I will make a proposal. You pay everything, and then we share alike." "What," shouted Paganini, having fortunately succeeded by this time in working himself up to a pitch of rage. "What, you scoundrel! I pay the expenses —" He could

say no more, he got deadly pale, and blood oozed out of his mouth profusely. Véron, frightened to death of an apoplectic stroke for which he would be held accountable, leaped towards the great *virtuoso*, when the reason of his sudden attack became patent. Paganini wore false teeth attached to his real teeth by a spring, which, through his gnashing his teeth so ruefully, broke, and the metal, cutting his gums, caused blood to flow freely. A little timely assistance and cold water calmed considerably his business ardor, and sent him home a calmer and wiser man. But he would never again have any dealings with Pierre Véron, whose name he persisted in embellishing with the most flattering epithets.

One more trait of Paganini's character, which will show how very open to warm and tender feelings his heart was, and which will serve as a rebuke to all those who call him a heartless, selfish miser. "He who loves children can't be a bad man!" I have mentioned that he had a little son, whose pompous names were Alexander Cyrus Achilles. But at home, he called him Achillino. A friend once called to take Paganini to the theatre, where he was to play in a concert in the evening, arranged between the acts. This is the description a friend gives of how he found him. "I went to Paganini's lodgings, and I cannot easily describe the disorder of the whole apartment. On the table was one violin, on the sofa another. The diamond snuff-boxes which sovereigns had given him were one on the bed, and one of them among his child's toys on the floor; music, money, caps, watches, letters, and boots *pêle-mêle* here and there; chairs, table, and even the bed removed from their place, a perfect chaos, and Paganini in the midst of it. A black silk cap covered his still deeper black hair, a yellow tie loose round the neck, and a jacket of a chocolate color hung on him as on a peg. He had Achillino in his lap, who was very ill-tempered because he had to have his hands washed. Suddenly he broke loose from his father, who said to me, 'I am quite in despair; I don't know what to do with him. The poor child wants amusement, and I am nearly exhausted playing with him.' Barely were the words out of his mouth, when Achillino, armed with his little wooden sword, provoked his father to deadly combat. Up got Paganini, catching hold of an umbrella to defend himself. It was too funny to see the long, thin figure of Paganini in slippers retreating from his son,

whose head barely reached up to his father's knees. He made quite a furious onslaught on his father, who retreating shouted, 'Enough, enough! I am wounded!' but the little rascal would not be satisfied ere he saw his adversary tumble, and fall down vanquished on the bed. But the time passed, and we had to be off, and now the real comedy began. He wanted his white necktie, his polished boots, his dress coat. Nothing could be found. All was hidden away. And by whom? By his son Achillino. The little one giggled the whole time, seeing his father with long strides travelling from one end of the room to the other seeking his clothes. 'What have you done with all my things?' he asked. 'Where have you hidden them?' The boy pretended to be very much astonished and perfectly dumb. He shrugged his shoulders, inclined his head sideways, and mimically indicated that he knew nothing whatever of the mishap. After a long search the boots were discovered under the pillow-case, the necktie was lying quietly in one of the boots, the coat was hidden in the portmanteau, and in the drawer of the dinner-table, covered with napkins, was the waistcoat. Every time Paganini found one of the missing objects he put it on in triumph, perpetually accompanied by the little man, who was delighted to see his father looking for the things where the child knew they could not be found; but Paganini's patience with him was unwearied." A man who showed such deep respect for his mother, and such sincere love for his child, could not but be an extremely kind-hearted man. It is an undeniable fact that greatness of every kind has to be paid for — genius, success, wealth, and glory, cannot be showered upon one man without that curse of humanity, mediocrity, being roused to the highest pitch of envy and jealousy. No man of genius, talent, or intelligence can raise himself without the envious, the unskilful, and unsuccessful catching hold of the statue and endeavoring to drag it down to their own level. That is what they have always essayed; they have always calumniated and crucified what was too sublime for their understanding, and dragged in the mud what they could not reach in the flight towards heaven. And thus these envious ones tried by stories, by inventions, and by malicious interpretations to throw their own darkness on the light and lustre of one of the greatest illustrations of contemporary art — Niccolò Paganini.

L. E.

From The Spectator.

HOPEFULNESS AND OPTIMISM.

IN that beautiful sermon on hope, with which the Dean of St. Paul's closed the cathedral services of the year 1885, in the midst of so many and such great anxieties, both political and ecclesiastical, — a sermon just republished with his Advent sermons by Messrs. Macmillan, — he remarks that in times of gloom, "to hope seems to us like deluding ourselves; we call it optimism, — an instinctive dislike to pain, a determination not to see the cruel truth." The dean is right; and not only do we in times of gloom call hopefulness optimism, but at all times we call optimism shallow; though "shallow" is the last adjective which we should be disposed to apply to that spiritual hopefulness, which, as the dean describes it, is the fruit of a serious discipline of the will, founded on faith, and pressing the imagination into the service of faith till we can actually *realize* what faith only refuses to doubt. What, then, is the difference between this kind of hopefulness and optimism, — the former a temperament only possible to men of earnest faith, and even to them difficult; the latter a temperament usual enough amongst men of no particular faith, and asking for no effort even in them? We should describe the difference between hopefulness and optimism, thus, that true hopefulness, hopefulness that has its source in faith and its fruit in charity, has no disposition at all to ignore evil auguries, — nay, sees them with even painful vividness; and this by virtue of the vividness of its apprehension of the light which casts the shadows; for seeing the light, it necessarily sees the shadows also. The optimistic temperament, on the other hand, sees neither the thick darkness nor the bright light, but only the watery pallor which is a compromise between the two, and which is the optimist's equivalent for sunlight. Optimism takes hold of the plausible grounds, instead of the true grounds for expecting good, — the plausible grounds being hardly ever identical with the true ones. Hope of the deeper kind discerns its bright visions often through a vista of the most lowering clouds, and could hardly, indeed, fasten its gaze on the light, but for the cloud vista through which it gazes. Thus it certainly was with that hope of Israel, which, as the Dean of St. Paul's says, makes of the Bible one long exhortation to look forward with rejoicing, in spite of series after series of the most cruel disappointments. The prophets of Israel

did not ignore these disappointments. On the contrary, they were always asking such questions as that which opens the book of the greatest of the prophets, "Why will ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more: the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." No one would have accused such a prophet as that of optimism. He saw the evil around him in its darkest colors. He was all but overwhelmed by the volume of it. He treated some of those very signs of the times out of which ordinary men would have drawn the highest comfort, as the most ominous. "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me." "Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them." And yet it is this same prophet who goes on immediately to announce that the victory of the spiritual cause at the shrine of which all this conventional and false worship had been offered, is certain, and that all the nations shall flow together towards the temple of him who is to be exalted above the hills in his perfect holiness. And exactly as it was with the greatest of Jewish prophets, so was it with the greatest of Christian apostles. He, too, depicted the groaning and travailing of creation in the darkest colors, and he too counted the evil which he felt so keenly and described so vividly, as not worthy to be compared with the glory that should be revealed. We take it that this is the great test of the truest and deepest hope,—that it opens its eyes frankly to all from which it is naturally disposed to shrink, and never ignores for a moment that which tells against it; while true optimism only blinks at moral calamity, and endeavors by evading all distinct sight of it, to persuade itself that it is not evil but good.

For example, consider the way in which true hope and mere sanguine optimism would look at the public anxieties of our present time. We are, indeed, often forced to contrast each of them with that prevalent pessimism which some of the most imaginative of our men of genius are trying to teach us,—which Carlyle, especially, was always trying to teach us. Perhaps the commonest subject on which conflicts of judgment arise between these various schools of thought, is the subject of the growing importance of popular opinion,—the growing estimate of popular intelligence and popular sentiment; the steady gravitation of real power towards the multitude, in whom it is hardly

possible that there should be large knowledge; the growing deficiency in the reverence for authority, unless that authority can persuade the people that it interprets truly their own wishes. We all know with what unmeasured scorn Carlyle, and those who tread in Carlyle's steps, have treated this superstition as to the power of multitudes—who are "mostly fools"—to dictate to the men of fiery strength and high intelligence, how the people ought to be guided and governed. We are assured by such teachers that wise men of average capacity would eagerly entreat to be governed by some one wiser than themselves; and we are warned that the taste for adulation which the multitude exhibits is one of the most ominous signs of the down-rushing of society to decay and death. On the other hand, the optimist can see no superstition in this claim of the multitude to judge more justly and generously in the long run, than even the ablest man judging out of the best resources of a solitary conscience and a solitary intelligence. The optimist points to the kindlier and milder features of the new age, to the infectious character of generous sentiments, to the ease with which benignant views of human destiny spread among the masses, to the recoil of popular opinion from all hard and forbidding doctrines, to the ready effervescence of genial feelings and mutual confidence among the people. Now, what would the temperament which is hopeful in the deepest sense, in the sense of that hopefulness which springs from faith, say to this constantly widening and constantly deepening controversy? We think that a man of such temperament would say that it is hardly possible to exaggerate the dangers and evils which may not spring out of this growing confidence in the fiat of crowds and multitudes on all the deepest questions of human society, and still more from the disposition to flatter them into a great conceit of their own wisdom, if it were not that behind and beyond this timid gregariousness of popular opinion, there is a divine power at work which can and does make popular opinion feel its own helplessness, weakness, and vanity as keenly as the humblest individual; and which often works even more effectually on the moral life of great societies in their organic unity, than on the individual consciences of those who make up those societies. The true hopefulness would not ignore one single trace of that helplessness of multitudes which would fain persuade itself that weakness and error, if congregated together in suffi-

cient mass, may be taken for strength and wisdom; but it would take care to recognize that wherever this mass of weakness and error is really found capable of an act of genuine trust in leadership marked by really noble traits, then even though the trust should be misplaced, even though the nobility which excites it is imperfect, there is something on which the ultimate divine power will assuredly work to bring out the high qualities of national courage and national humility in a truer and nobler form than any which would have been possible under less developed forms of national life. The optimist's view may be all wrong. The blunder resulting from democratic trust in a great leader may be one of the very worst of blunders, a blunder leading to national calamity of the gravest type. Yet the pessimist's view of the matter will be still more completely wrong. He will fail to see the light beyond the gloom, — the elevation and purification to which any people capable of a great and generous trust are almost sure to be led, even if that trust leads them through misfortune and confusion. It is quite true that individual weakness often only aggravates its own infirmities by following in the track of other individual weakness as profound, though less hesitating. But it is also true that the humiliation and humility of nations may result in a far greater good than any humility which is not thus wide-spreading in its range, and that great acts of national confidence in leaders believed on good grounds to be noble, are, even when they mislead, more likely to refine and strengthen the character of the nation so misled, than they would be if the consequences of that confidence rewarded the trust reposed, and proved its sagacity. The optimist may easily be put to shame before the pessimist; and yet the ultimate hopefulness of a resolutely imaginative faith may be conspicuously justified.

Dean Church has pointed out in the fine sermon which has led to these remarks, that in various ages of the world, at a time when all was gloom, those who might have had the courage and faith to believe that a light would yet break through the gloom, would have been conspicuously justified by the event. Thus, Christians who saw the invasion of the northern barbarians directed against the Roman Empire so newly Christianized, might well have despaired when they beheld the new fabric of civilization threatened with destruction at the very moment when it

promised the highest fruit; and yet, as we know, they would have been wholly wrong. And so, again, as the dean points out, in the tenth century, "when open wickedness and ignorance filled the high places of the Church, when all seemed so bad and so hopeless that men disposed of their goods as if the end of the world must come with the end of the century, if any one had looked forward, in spite of all, to Christians again recognizing their high calling, again preaching peace and charity, and leaving all to follow Christ, — to the return of a great intellectual tide of art and thought when now all was brutality and darkness, — would he not have seemed a dreamer? Yet who would have been wrong and who right, the dreamer or the despairer?" The dreamer certainly would have been right; but not for his own generation, not for his own lifetime. And this is the difficulty of the truest hopefulness, — the hopefulness founded in faith, — that though it is sure to be right in discerning the breaking of the clouds, yet it has absolutely no assurance that that breaking of the clouds is near, or certain to happen within the range of foresight to which individuals and nations naturally look as, for them at least, final. As the individual man may feel sure that God's judgments are altogether righteous, though in this life he may never again emerge from the darkness they leave behind them, so the nation may feel sure that if they have gone wrong when they were striving to go right, they will yet reap the reward of that effort; but they have no right at all to feel sure that they will reap it in prosperity in the immediate future. It is, as the dean says, a duty to be hopeful; but it is not a duty to be hopeful that any particular enterprise will turn out well, for it may be much better for us that that enterprise, whether individual or national, should fail. And, unfortunately, human minds are so limited, that hopefulness which is not bound up with particular events is far from easy to us. Doubtless the best things will come to those who know how to wait and to earn; but they may be, and often are, delayed till hope deferred makes the heart sick. That is the true moral of the dean's beautiful sermon. But this sickness of heart, which to the optimist is sickness unto death, and to the pessimist is sickness mitigated only by exultation in his own accuracy of foresight, is to the eye of Christian hopefulness, sickness which is sure of a final and complete recovery.

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